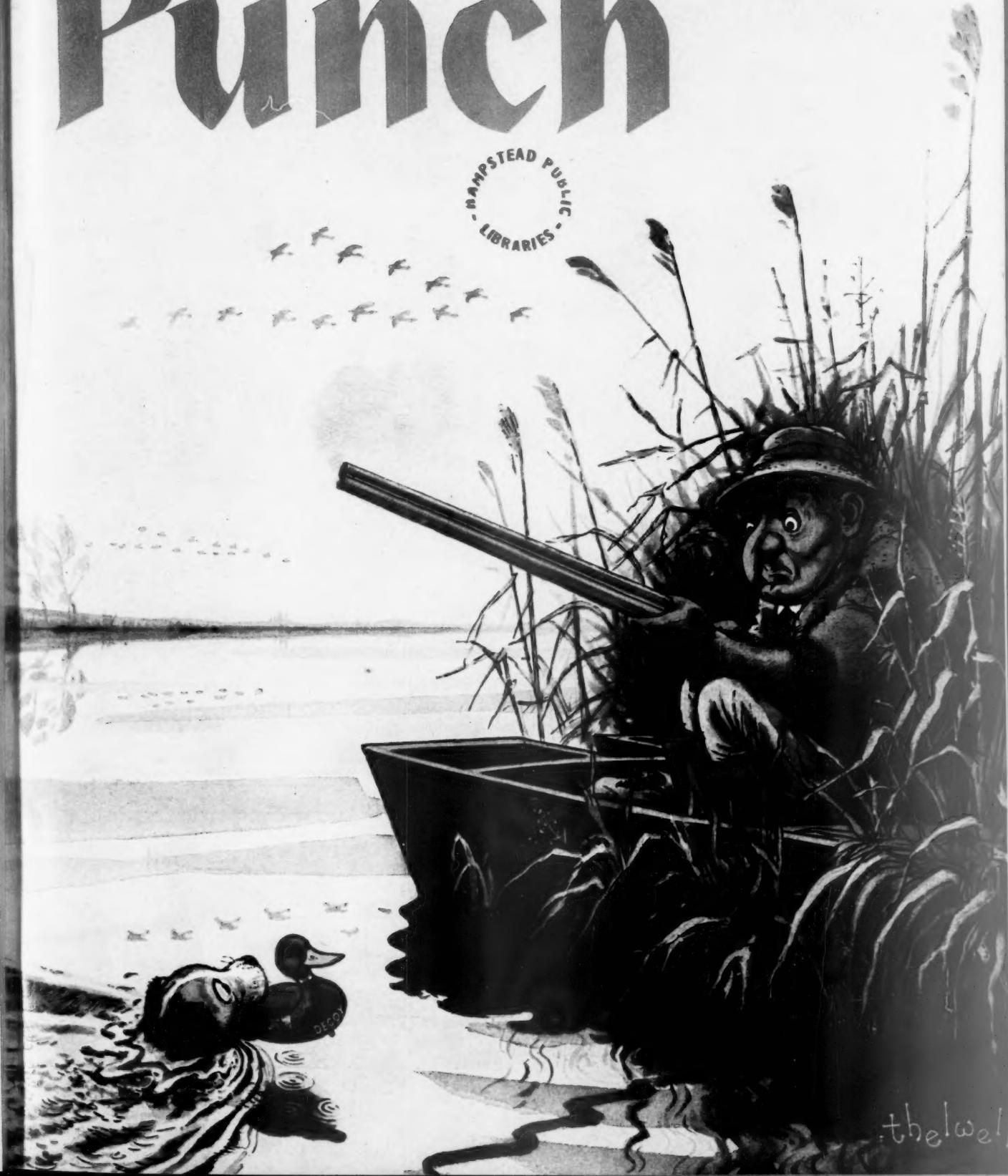


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'The secret of my Martinis? Martini!'

It's as simple as that! Hardly a secret at all, except that it *must* be Martini . . . just two-thirds Martini Dry (you know, the one in the green bottle) and one-third gin, well-chilled, and there you are! Good isn't it? Have another.

*Better drink Martini
sweet or dry*

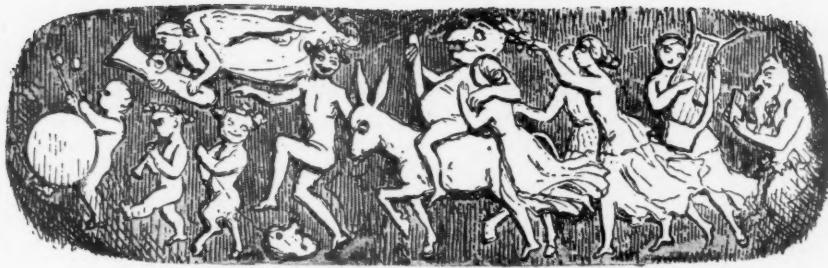
MARTINI



PUNCH

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The London Charivari

A SIGH of relief from all parties—the jingo press excluded—has greeted the hopeful news for a final settlement in Cyprus. Why, oh why, couldn't the Greeks and Turks have buried their hatchets and talked sense three or four years ago? Now all is hope and goodwill and optimism. There must be no repetition of the Egyptian business—with the British handing over, getting out, losing their base, going in again, and going out again. Enough of that. Whether Cyprus will accept a permanent military base when it is no longer a colony remains uncertain, but all the signs are that for some years at least the Turks, Greeks, Greek Cypriots, Turkish Cypriots and British will be happy to leave well alone.

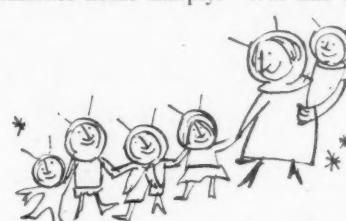
some way must be found of spreading the burden of profit and its attendant embarrassment. Wouldn't a better and cheaper idea be for Sir Robert Fraser to use the Authority written into the I.T.A. and impose a fair measure of "balance" on the programme contractors, forbid unnatural breaks, and insist on the return of Alan Taylor's extra-mural lectures? The way to cut profits, surely, is to make the product less popular and more cerebral.

Now for the Mixed Hurdles

BRITISH sports fans were indignant over



the Women's A.A.A. ban on transparent dresses. Don't they want our girls to be faster?



Space Family Robinson at last? No, actually. One of those housing problems, at Belper, Derbyshire.

Third-Class Vision

A THIRD television service seems imminent—not because the country needs more channels of Western culture and quiz-foolery, but because the independent authority is making too much money too quickly and for too few, and

Fuel Crisis

IT must have surprised many people to learn from the Chairman of the Coal Utilization Council that there are flat-dwellers in Holland and Switzerland who keep their coal under the bed. The fact that this coal is bought in packages, although faintly surreal in itself, renders the situation a little less disturbing: the idea of huge grimy coalmen tramping into some neat apartment in Amsterdam or Davos and shovelling a couple of hundredweights of slack under the nearest bed would have sadly shaken our long-cherished ideas about the Dutch and Swiss being tidy, house-proud folk. I cannot see the system



"I've been waiting for a No. 9 for two hours and been cautioned five times."

finding favour here, however—even if, as the Chairman suggested, packaged coal is eventually sold over the counter. It might be useful sometimes in an emergency to be able to nip out to the shop on the corner for a pound and a half of prime smokeless: but as to storing the stuff, surely the average Englishman's flat is cluttered enough as it is. Besides, it is hard to believe that there are many flats nowadays without a bath.

Another Let Down

I DON'T suppose I was the only one whose heart leapt with national pride at the headline "Britain Has the World's Most Underrated Rocket"; and sagged again when the article proper explained that "the U.S. Government is handing over to Britain its most valuable military secret . . ."

Ravell'd Sleave

BRITISH Legion women who opted to ban knitting at all conferences on the ground that it stops concentration seem to me to have been a bit hasty. Anyone with experience in lecturing to troops, one of the hardest rows to hoe in the field of platform exhibitionism, knows that permission to smoke is the first thing to ask for, because it helps to keep the men awake. Knitting presumably has the same effect on women, who can click-click in complete automatism, never batting an eyelid away

from the main preoccupation, e.g. gossip, telly, or communion with the infinite. As a distraction the rattle of needles is nothing to the everyday conference hazards of coughing cyclones and by-plot conversations in deafening asides. I never heard of it putting the headsman of Madame Guillotine off their stroke.

No Noiseless Flashes, Please

ATOMIC SCIENTISTS at Harwell are reported to have fought against moving to Winfrith Heath to look after Zeta II because "they do not want to uproot their families." May they at all times feel the same about ours.

How Dare You Write!

THE fuss of astonishment stirred up in the newspapers recently by the fact that a cinema usherette had a play produced struck me as being misplaced or unnecessary. It was the same when an ex-bus-driver favoured us with a play on television. How did Walter de la Mare earn his early bread? Or T. S. Eliot? Or Dickens, Trollope, Bunyan, Kipling, Burns or J. B. Priestley? What was Eugene O'Neill supposed to be up to, looking for gold in Honduras and swabbing the decks of ships? On the other hand, if the astonishment was generated by the fact that anyone as

lowly as a cinema usherette should presume to enter the literary world, it would seem to be both vulgar and retrograde. The urge to write is a kind of madness which can affect almost anyone. The power to write well is an advanced stage of the malady, and is probably more likely to develop in a cinema usherette than in a lolling heiress with three cars and a villa full of gin.

Fatal Step

A MAN working on a roof in Croydon fell forty feet into a woman's arms. It is not known whether either of their horoscopes had anything on this that day.

Sitting Pretty

MR. PAUL REILLY is to be congratulated on his appointment as Director of the Council of Industrial design, but his attention must be drawn to the activities of three men in the City. He has a double reason for keeping an eye on them, as they are concerned with the main point at which directors and design meet—with a special chair equipped to measure the thigh-strains set up in executives by the sitting posture. At the end of their tour of City offices they hope to have collected enough data to design the ideal chair for top money-shovellers. These are anxious days for Mr. Reilly; the chances are that they'll come up with a swivelling job in quilted leather and cast iron with knurled adjusting knobs on the chassis (out of reach, of course, to avoid tensions that might be set up by inadvertent adjustment) such as "our Founder" probably used; or, conceivably, opt for the even more perfect, even more traditional, standing posture.

The Only Way

MR. EDWIN MALENDINE claims that the need for public opinion polls can only be determined by a public opinion poll. We'd like a public opinion poll on this.

— MR. PUNCH



"Inquire discreetly whether, in spite of their colossal consumer progress, we still need to pack a bath-plug."

SPORTING PRINTS

The tenth of Hewison's drawings of sporting personalities will appear next week. The subject is

PETER THOMSON



Norman Manbridge

MACFISHERY

CRADLE TO UNIVERSITY

1 What Motherhood is Like

By MONICA FURLONG

"HOW funny to think of you married!" friends said when I got married, and later "How funny to think of you as a mother." And I knew just what they meant. There is a kind of Fascist humour in watching one's friends being kicked willy-nilly along their rugged vocational paths. I had always meant to be a mother, even in the days when I believed mothers split open like ripe pumpkins to deliver their young. Now I was one. If They (the traditional enemy) shot me, ran me over or crashed me in an aircraft to-morrow they couldn't take this away. It was a wonderful feeling.

Ecstasy is a severely rationed commodity, however. Since I have begun to know more about babies I have sometimes had doubts about the validity of my ambition. The truth is they are such terrible little primitives with their nasty eating habits, their awful Nazi-type jokes. (Most babies' favourite joke is somebody falling downstairs, preferably carrying a tray laden with crockery. The apogee of this kind of humour is somebody getting their head blown off.) It shocks me. Such is infant crudity that it needs all the talcum powder and organdie pillow-cases, all the pink booties and stencilled bunnies, all the ducky little plastic plates and saccharine ditties on "Housewives Choice" to sweeten it and make it socially palatable. Those of us who have children know that we have allowed our houses and lives to be invaded by a battalion of boors, a horde of Goths and Vandals and Huns; intellectually speaking it is a question of colonize or be colonized. St. Augustine, considering his lack of legitimate children, penetrated the infant mind surprisingly well. (The weakness of infant limbs, not its will, is its innocence.)

All the same he missed as much as he saw. There is a whole lot more to babies than original sin, and the preposterous joy which follows labour is no mirage. A friend of mine found her baby son sitting beside the waste-bin chewing a piece of apple peel and reading a seed catalogue upside down. I like that story because it covers the aspects of babies I like best; the immense dignity they can summon even in the most unlikely situations and the sweet, natural clowning which consoles one for even the most nerve-racking hours spent in their company. They are amazingly human, not yet having lost the trick of it. They are madly gay, too, and simply don't care. The Big Four

which torment their parents—Religion, Politics, Love and Ambition (not to mention Money)—are quite inconsequential to them, but on the other hand food is paramount, and so is sleep, and psychiatrists have been heard to speak well of parental love. I wonder if, in the first year at least, they would notice if this was missing. Certainly they accept it as coolly as a *femme fatale* accepts another casualty. They laugh frequently and anarchistically. I have known babies who at six months were convulsed in stomach-holding guffaws by a Test Match commentary. Television commercials also sometimes produce an ugly, fey laugh, with a contemptuous undertone which suggests



they are laughing not so much with as at the human race. For while babies may be illiterate, they are infinitely intelligent. As Dr. Bronowski recently demonstrated on one of his science programmes, using what one might call "the window test," they see with eyes unstaled by custom. They see everything and are rarely too frightened to take a good look. What is going on in their bold, brash minds, God and the Devil (and, of course, Dr. Bronowski) alone know. I hate to think about it.

But now I am writing as a disenchanted (though I hope affectionate) parent. There was a time of total enchantment, however. From the days when I was young enough to believe in birth by fissure right up to my first experience of babies I enjoyed profoundly sentimental dreams of what motherhood would be like. Pregnancy in particular was a time of exquisite day-dreams and the kind of heart-stopping happiness which otherwise one only experiences in first love. Actually, of course, all pregnancies partake of this magic quality—to be female at all is to live up against some bizarre mysteries.

All human mysteries—love, death, religious conversion—seem liable to plunge people into a morass of practical arrangements (hotel reservations, undertakers, charitable committees), and this is truer of birth than any of the others. There is Spock to be got by heart first of all (*Saint* Benjamin we call him in my house. Affectionately. Not derisively). There are endless tedious visits to maternity outpatients. There is quantities of shopping, and of course interminable knitting. (Where knitting for babies is concerned, though, I am a great pioneer. I don't do any.) And there is one's plain and comfortable duty to eat lots of delicious food. Cravings skilfully manipulated can result in a diet of Beluga caviar and Veuve Clicquot, and if the housekeeping won't run to that, Government orange juice at 5d. a bottle isn't half bad. What with eating and sleeping and thinking of names, and reading books about looking after babies (infinitely more fun than actually looking after babies), the nine months pass in a flash.

No, to be honest, that is retrospective nonsense. There are some shocking longueurs, particularly on the days when you suffer simultaneously from heartburn, cramp, sciatica, varicose



veins, insomnia, dyspepsia, a drumming of heels within, and the depressing certainty that you look like George IV in his declining years. "Pregnancy," as young obstetricians intone in the parrot-tones of the indoctrinated (it is the O.K. jargon of the hour), "is not an illness." It merely reproduces the symptoms of half a dozen of the nastiest.

The choice for every pregnant woman nowadays is to Dick-Read or not to Dick-Read. Intellectuals do the first and instinctives the second. Obstetric circles are riven with controversy on the subject, but there is surely room for both schools of thought. With child-bearing, as with sex itself, one should know everything or nothing. There are women for whom the pageant of parturition is as good as a play. They are too interested in the action to bother too much about the discomfort, and an anaesthetic is an unthinkable intrusion into the dialogue. There are others for whom child-bearing, bereft of its traditional agonies ("... in labour for three days . . . they never thought I'd

pull through, you know"), its sudden appalling crises, its grisly accompaniment of forceps and stitches, would be hardly worth the bother of bringing up a baby. Without all this they would feel cheated.

Relaxing is another thing again. Some women thrive on it during pregnancy. It made me so acutely nervous that after fifteen minutes I was in a state of screaming hysteria. Inexplicably, though, it was all right on the night. For the first time I could really imagine I was sinking through the bed, that my joints had become unfastened, my eyes had turned round in their sockets, and my limbs were floating irresponsibly round me. But that may just have been the pethidin, the blissful drug they give you. It gave me, I discovered, a wonderfully uninhibited outlook, so that, just for the hell of it, I tried to see how loudly I could groan. Pretty loudly, actually.

The attitude of work-mates to my uninteresting condition I had found rather touching. Tired old editors, their sense of wonder long since blasted

in the furnaces of Fleet Street, showed an unexpected technical knowledge of baby-care, of maternity homes and gripe-water, of whooping-cough shots and teething jelly. Colleagues used to pat me patronizingly on the belly and say "Everything coming along nicely? That's splendid. You really shouldn't drink gin, you know." Interviewees—I was doing a lot of interviewing at the time—were always frankly agape at having their preconceptions of a woman reporter so smartly shattered—and it got so bad at one time that I used to have

to allow an extra half-hour to give them a chance to satisfy their curiosity. Men were much the worst (women pretend not to notice pregnancy until you mention it, the hypocrites). Men love talking about babies and pregnancy, and once they have taken the plunge will ask questions till the cows come home.

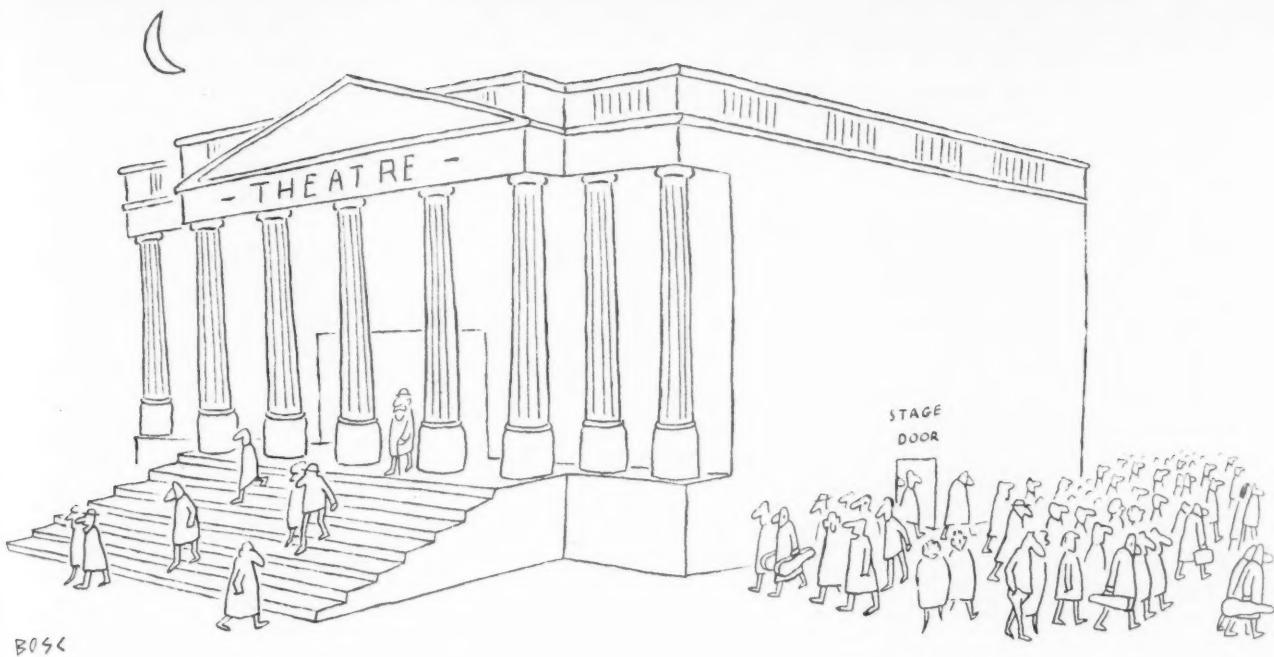
I was rather disappointed in my emotions. The literary editor of a paper I did some work for used to pick out the review copies of books on babies and give them to me and one said "You will

probably find that you appreciate beauty more now than you did, music and art mean more, and you see loveliness where you did not before." Alas! no. Musically, I was still the wistful Philistine I had always been—you don't cure tone deafness by fusing two cells. As for painting, which I have always enjoyed, I no longer had the energy to drag myself round art galleries any more and so I hardly saw any. On the other hand violence of any kind in plays or even in newspaper reports made me feel physically sick, for all the world as if the chumps were right who think pregnant women should sit at home and think beautiful thoughts.

And so to the birth, the bouquets of roses, and the announcement in the newspaper. The Dick-Readers claim that the beauty of their method is that the mother feels well enough to sit up and look at her baby the minute after it is born, and they are quite right to emphasize this. That is a lovely moment, a moment one is glad to have been born for oneself. The baby, with its crest of rough, black hair, has a kind of battered Oriental appearance, like a Japanese run over by a steam-roller. Grossly ugly really, and yet one can't stop exclaiming over its beauty. Several hours later, when they bring it back washed and spruce, it is totally different—a tiny human caricature. You count its fingers and toes, mourn inconsolably over minute birth-marks, wonder why it doesn't open its eyes ("Perhaps it's blind and they daren't tell me . . ."). The miracle has receded.

Then afterwards, what the books call "The First Months with Baby." (Over the years I am developing an intense, snobbish dislike of people who talk about "Baby" instead of "the baby.") Feeding problems dominate everything and send the mind reeling out to the borders of insanity. There are days when I think I can see what Einstein was driving at, but never, in my cleverest moments, can I grasp the principles of infant feeding. Feed a baby too little and it cries with hunger. Feed it ever such a little more and it is sick with repletion. Feed it a little less and it puts on no weight. Feed it a little more and it is writhing with indigestion (or possibly wind brought on by under-feeding). You can't win. And all the time it cries—oh God, how it cries, with pitiful little whimpers which make your





heart contract with sympathy. If it is your first baby you nearly go mad. The nagging cries echo perpetually round the vaults of the brain so that you hear them even when the baby is quite silent. Sleep is something you used to enjoy in carefree, youthful days long forgotten. You lose weight, you look about fifty, you develop odd, hideous twitches of the face, you are out of bed and half-way to the nursery wild-eyed and slipperless before you realize that what you heard was the night-cry of an owl. Frantic, you spend half your life on the telephone to the Health Visitor, confide tearfully in amused mothers-of-six at the clinic, sob out the miseries of the day on your exhausted husband's shoulder when he comes home, and live in a stupor of weariness. And then, extraordinary! suddenly your baby is three months old and all feeding troubles are at an end as quickly as if a tap had been turned off. There are plenty of other troubles, of course, but none quite so cruelly taxing.

So you settle down to come to terms with the anarchist in your midst.

**Next Wednesday
MARY ADAMS deals with
“Do-It-Yourself Motherhood”**

No Fun for Charlie

Another brilliant young politician tells his story

By WILLIAM BUTLER

1.—THE MAN WHO DARED
THREE is only one hope for our country."

To Charles Morgue, M.P., standing, set-faced, before the crowded Sunday School room at the West Wallington Congregational Church Hall, the words seemed to be coming from a great distance. There was no doubt that they seemed that way to his audience too.

"Speak up, can't yer," said an old woman in the front row, tapping her foot sharply on the edge of the platform.

Her action lifted her skirt and exposed an expanse of bare calf and knee. Charlie leant forward, startled to hear himself gasping, painfully conscious that his eyes were popping perilously out of their sockets. With a stupendous effort he blinked them back into position and shook his head in a violent spasm of self-disgust. God,

what was the matter with him? She was old, wasn't she? So very old . . .

He cleared his throat and began his speech again. But now his thoughts were no longer clear. The sea of faces swam before him: and all he could think of was the double whisky he had had in the "Rose and Crown" ten minutes before, and the pint of bitter he was going to have in ten minutes' time.

Suddenly he heard himself saying, with a quiet, passionate intensity he had never been able to achieve before: "To hell with all this ruddy politics nonsense. Let's pack up the whole lark and run the country by Gallup Poll. Direct democracy—that's the answer. Let's be direct democrats."

The wave of cheering rocked him back on his heels, shook him to the very roots of his being. He was startled to find the Chairman shaking his hand and muttering something about a new era.

Smiling weakly, he went staggering out into the night, only vaguely aware of the tremendous tumult he was leaving behind him and genuinely surprised to find himself holding one of the trestles from the speaker's table.

2.—THE WOMAN WHO STARED

It was a long time before Charlie succeeded in opening his front door. The key seemed to twitch and writhe in his hand, reminding him of the way his stomach muscles behaved whenever he thought of the Prime Minister.

Never mind. He had settled the P.M.'s hash once and for all, with his new philosophy. His new philos—

Suddenly a wave of nausea gripped him and he found himself swaying wildly from side to side. A crushing realization had dawned on him. His new philosophy—his revolutionary political system—it had gone from his brain. He could not remember so much as the name of it . . .

Gasping, he pressed hard on the front door and fell forward into his flat. He made no attempt to pick himself off the floor. From there he had a wonderful view of Ethel—Ethel, the girl from upstairs, who was standing in her negligée by his telephone table, her hands on her hips, staring at him, just staring.

"Hullo, Failure," she said. This had always been her pet name for him, ever since she had become secretary of the East Mittering Communist League and he had failed to make the grade as Junior Minister. "I've just popped in to tell you that your wife's left you, and I'm sorry."

Charlie remained motionless, struggling to conceal the pangs of ecstasy stabbing through him.

"But after all, what do you expect?" Ethel went on. "You and your endless stale ideas about democracy. You just talk, talk, talk, but you never *do* anything."

She stepped across him contemptuously on her way to the door. But suddenly Charlie bounded up from the floor, and catching hold of her slim bare knee, hurled her to the ground.

"What's come over you, Charlie?" she gasped, startled at the sudden wild exultancy of happiness in his eyes.

Charlie smiled. Life was sweet. He had remembered everything.

"Darling," he said, "I've news for you. I'm a *direct* democrat now."

3.—THE MEN WHO GLARED

This was the bitter end of everything. Morgue realized this as soon as he entered the room. Here were gathered all the minor has-beens in the House. Men who had never got anywhere. Men who would never get anywhere. Men who were hanging on to their jobs by the skins of their teeth.

They all hated him. Morgue could sense that in every one of his tingling stomach muscles. And behind their hatred was fear: he knew that too. His Direct Democracy would finish them, every last one of them, for ever.

Wearily, Charlie slumped into a chair and waited for their leader to speak. But suddenly he knew that it was all no use. He could not find it in him to destroy these people. He would have to give up now.

Their leader was rising to speak. Morgue stared at him across the table, startled to find so much pity in his heart for this aging man who had piloted this miserable little group for so long.

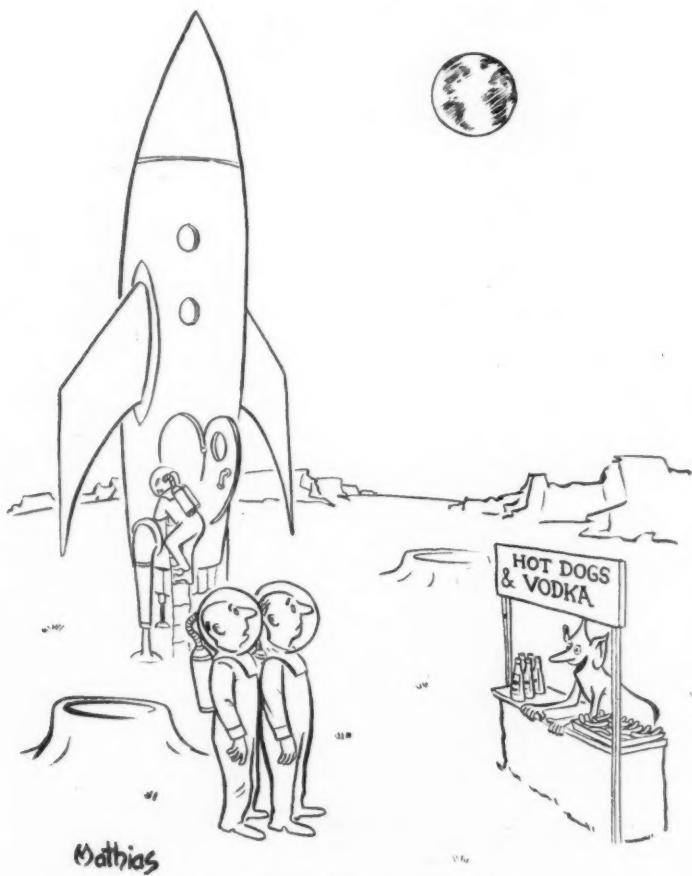
"Well, Charlie?" he said at length. "We are all here to discuss this Direct Democracy thing of yours. But before we do, I'd like to ask you this. Do you really want to go through with it?"

Charlie clenched his fist beneath the table. Despite the blandness in the old man's smile, the almost desperate entreaty in his tone touched Morgue deeply. But it was still hard to obliterate the memory of Ethel's admiring smile and naked calves . . . and still harder to forget the cheers of the people of West Wallington on that unforgettable evening long ago.

Nevertheless, he knew the only possible decision he could make.

He stood up, stared hard at the leader and, his voice seeming to come from its usual great distance, cleared his throat.

"No, Mr. Prime Minister," he said.



"We've been half expecting you."



Agriculturalists are urging us to present the rabbit in an unkindly light. PUNCH, ever zealous in good causes, makes its contribution with this new variation on Beatrix Potter's story, here rechristened

The Tale of Eater Rabbit

Compulsive rabbit-lovers are advised to read no further.

had not run into a gooseberry net and got caught by a button on his jacket.

Eater despaired of getting away, so he pulled out his bicycle-chain to defend himself with.

Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve to catch Eater in; but Eater slashed him across the beard with his bicycle-chain and wriggled out, leaving his teddy-boy jacket behind him.

Then he rushed into the toolshed and jumped into a barrel. It looked as if it might have Scotch in it, and he was very disappointed when he found it only contained dirty water!

Mr. McGregor came after him into the tool-shed to look for him.

Presently Eater sneezed—"Kerty-schoo!" You may be sure he had no hanky and wiped his nose on the back of his hand afterwards. When Mr. McGregor saw him, Eater jumped out of a window, pausing only to nibble at three prize geranium plants. Mr. McGregor went back to his work.

Eater sat down to rest. He was dead scared and completely lost, and there was only one thing to do. He pulled out a packet of reefers and lit up.

After a time he began to wander about, going lippity-lippity—not very fast, and looking about all the time in case he could see a girl rabbit.

But all he found was an old mouse, carrying peas and beans to her family in the wood. Eater was much bigger than the mouse, so he knocked her down and took the peas and beans off her. Then he gave her a farewell kick in the stomach and left her.

He tried to find his way straight across the garden, and presently came to the pond where Mr. McGregor filled his watering-cans. A cat was sitting staring at some goldfish, but Eater thought it best to go away without speaking to her. On second thoughts he turned back and told her about the mouse.

Then he went back towards the toolshed, and suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe—scr-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scritch. Eater climbed

on to a wheelbarrow and saw Mr. McGregor hoeing onions, and beyond him was the gate!

Eater fingered his flick-knife, but being a typical rabbit he decided that running away was better than fighting, so he ran as fast as he could along a straight walk behind some black-currant bushes.

At last he was safe in the wood, and he never stopped running till he got home to the sand-bank, except three or four times when he saw the chance of ruining some valuable crops.

He was so tired that he flopped down on the filthy sand on the floor of his burrow and closed his eyes. "Flogged your coat again, I notice," said his mother over her shoulder. "Want to make anything of it?" asked Eater, fingering his flick-knife again.

When Dropsy, Trotsky and Rotten-tail came home Mrs. Rabbit said "I've got a lovely surprise for you. You're going to have another lot of little brothers and sisters."

"Oh, God," said Eater, "not again?"

I am glad to say that Eater had a bilious attack that lasted all the evening. But Dropsy, Trotsky and Rotten-tail went out into the moonlight and played naughty games with the little girl rabbits from the next-door burrow.

— B. A. YOUNG



ONCE upon a time there were four little rabbits, and their names were—

Dropsy
Trotsky
Rotten-tail
and Eater.

They lived with their mother in a sand-bank. No one had the faintest idea who their father was.

"Now, rabble," said old Mrs. Rabbit—"Mrs." by courtesy—"go and ravage a wheatfield and make holes in the hedges, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden: he is slightly insane and thinks rabbits are edible."

Dropsy, Trotsky and Rotten-tail went down the lane to browse among the herbaceous borders in the cottage gardens; but Eater, who was so silly that even the other rabbits noticed it, ran straight away to Mr. McGregor's garden!

He ate some lettuces and some French beans and some green peas and some celery and some radishes and some . . . well, anyway, he was just about to be sick when whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor! Mr. McGregor jumped up and ran after him, waving a rake and shouting "I'll give 'ee the myxomatosis, danged if I don't!"

Eater ran away as fast as he could in his revoltingly bloated state, but being foolish as well as cowardly he had forgotten the way to the gate.

He lost his shoes as he ran, for his mother was too mean to buy shoes that fitted him and had given him second-hand ones that were much too big. He might have got away altogether if he

Bare Ruin'd Piers

By H. F. ELLIS

IN six weeks' time, perhaps less, the great exodus of Britons to the Continent will have begun. In April a trickle, in May a broad river, from June to the end of August a roaring flood of laughing tourists will irrigate the parched hotels and pensions from Blankenberge to Portofino, from Douarnenez to Praia da Rocha. Their total number, whatever it may turn out to be, will certainly be a record; every season (except when some financial crisis intervenes) seems to show a marked advance on the season before.

And why not? Will anyone deny that after a year's work in Preston or East Ham a fortnight in Italy ("For Sun, Sand and Sea inclusive from 24 gns.") makes a nice change—or ten days in Norway for that matter ("from

26½ gns."), or a stay in Austria ("15 days all-in from £20 15s. 0d.") or Puerto Pollensa ("Air travel out and home, 15 days only £43 10s. 0d.")? And observe the prices! Even allowing for a certain elasticity in that little word "from" it is clear that a man may have Europe as his oyster for about the cost of a portable typewriter.

Write, 'phone or call for brochure.

Only spare a thought, while you are doing that, for Margate and Ilfracombe, for Paignton and Weston-super-Mare, for Tenby and Scarborough and Morecambe. If we *all* go off to see Europe in cushioned luxury ("Air-conditioned coaches, refreshment bar, reclining seats, good food, good hotels, English-speaking hostesses"), what is to become of our own famed watering-places and

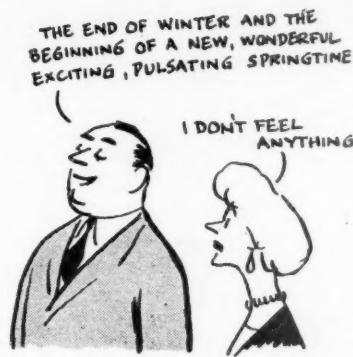


spas? Are their promenades and their esplanades, their piers and kiosks, their beach-huts, their bandstands and their arcades to be left untenanted, the haunt of scrapless herring gulls and very old, unwanted car-park attendants? Never. Somehow or other we must see to it that our home resorts are adequately manned with holidaymakers before the rest of us go gallivanting off to the Costa Blanca ("Champagne Fiestas, Bull fights, Night Life, etc.").

I confess I should never have dreamed that the prosperity of Britain's seaside resorts could be seriously threatened had it not been for the letter sent some weeks ago to the B.B.C. by the Llandudno Publicity Association, complaining of the "plugging" of Continental holidays on TV. The chief target of the complaint was that series called "Passport," showing Mr. Richard Dimbleby and his family eating rich food, admiring the accommodation, sunning themselves and generally having a good time in Brittany, Portugal and other outlandish countries—a series in which, said the Association, "the B.B.C. went as far as it possibly could in enticing the general public of this country to forsake home resorts." This was a grave charge; and I have waited for a month or more now, with growing concern, to see what the B.B.C. would do to balance the scales. Up to now (unless one counts a visit by "To-night" to Southend to ask trippers what the devil they were doing there) the B.B.C. has, so far as I know, done nothing.

Of course that is not, in a way, surprising. Programmes take time to prepare, and quite apart from that this is not a time of year at which Mr. Dimbleby could with advantage be shown sunning himself at Llandudno.





It may well be that the B.B.C. are waiting for warmer days before making their *amende honorable* with a series called "No Passport Needed." If that is so it may not be too late for me to suggest that a mere equality of publicity as between British and foreign resorts will not in itself be enough. I do not believe that the spectacle of Mr. Dimbleby settling down with eager anticipation at *café* tables in Torquay, Hastings, Blackpool and Aberystwyth can alone undo the harm that has been done or entice the general public away from Douarnenez and Estoril. What seems to me to be necessary as well is another edition of "Passport," with the emphasis a little more on those small mishaps or *contretemps* that, properly edited, can make a foreign holiday seem like hell.

I do not recommend Mr. Dimbleby for this new series. He is, on all the evidence, a man for whom everything goes swimmingly abroad. Besides, he will be busy at home, squaring up delightedly before platefuls of poached eggs at Bognor and Cleethorpes. No. What I want to say is that I should myself be willing to endure, with my family, the rigours of a Continental holiday at the expense of the B.B.C. (or of the Llandudno Publicity Association, if preferred), and allow myself to be freely photographed at moments of tension or unease. If no such moments in fact occurred I should even be willing to manufacture them by re-enacting incidents from earlier, self-paid visits. I could, for instance, be shown to viewers stripping damp sheets from an hotel bed in North France and rolling up for the night (from 450 francs) in my overcoat and car rug. I could be seen at Nîmes, splashed from head to

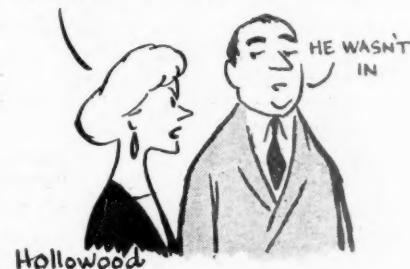
foot with boiling tomato juice when attempting to eat *homard à l'armoricaine* (1,200 francs), or in a Spanish dining-car scraping delectable red mullet off my yellow pullover (39/6d.). I know exactly how to look when the *föhn* is blowing for the third day running on Lake Lucerne, or when eating *viande de Grisons* for the first and only time. I would gladly relive before the cameras the innumerable journeys I have made by funicular into thick cloud in order not to miss the unsurpassed views over the Alps at specially reduced rates to holders of blue tickets obtainable at the hotel of sojourn. Or, if something a little more out of the way is desired, we could all go along to the astonishing hilltop cathedral at St.-Bertrand-de-Comminges, where I over-eagerly (and in the wrong order) obeyed the guide's injunction to "step back a little, and look up," and fell so heavily and with such an outpouring of foreign coins on the hard stone floor that my wife was fain to remark (or at any rate would certainly remark, for a consideration, at the re-take) "There! That would never have happened at Llandudno."

I don't know whether I could reproduce, to order, the full bitterness of that Sunday at Chalons-sur-Marne when I was robbed of all my papers—passport, carnets, currency, traveller's cheques, the lot—and simply sat motionless in the car staring dully at the petrol gauge which registered half a gallon. But I could try. The fact that I found them all under the seat ten minutes later could be omitted, as could all the fine days and fun, the views, the wine, the laughter, the kindness and the sheer delight in being abroad that make a Continental holiday so completely . . .

I COULD RUN TEN MILES, KISS A THOUSAND GIRLS, JUMP OVER THE MOON



BY THE WAY WHAT DID MR. HALLITO DO ABOUT THAT TOOTH OF YOURS?



But all that, as I say, could be omitted. Let us think rather of the terrible pain I had in Lisbon and the dog that bit a piece out of my hat in Hendaye, the relentless stare of children in Setubal, the enraged official at Irún, the cost of an omelet at Bar-le-Duc, the tobacco I bought at Jenbach . . .

All this, and more, if it will help Llandudno, I will gladly go through again at somebody else's expense.



"Lolita!"

No Rude Remarks

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

THE guest house Visitors' Book lies on the hall table, next to the parcelled picnic lunches of the family who talk about grandpa as if he weren't there. "Oh, yes, we'll put his mac on, he likes a walk, you know." And, in suitably raised tones, "Don't you, Dad?" Yesterday they took the picnic on the headland, and later described the excursion as "Very nice." The day before it was a trip round the Island and a sit in the arboretum. Bringing the genteel supper portions of local-caught fish, rushed down from Billingsgate, Mrs. Hindworst—one never quite gets landladies' names—asked about the trip. "Oh, very nice. He enjoyed it. DIDN'T YOU, DAD?" They are taking him to some very nice Roman Remains to-day.

But you will not hear the verdict this time. Your bag stands ready packed in the hall. You have brought the car round from the strip of mud at the back

(Garage, 10s.). Mrs. Steinwort (if that could possibly be it) has presented your bill just as you were about to ask for it, and you have wondered, counting notes, how a week-end's morning tea can work out at 9s. 9d. "Well, good-bye," you say. You find to your surprise that you are wringing her hand genially, though your thoughts run on wallpaper patterns of stark artistry, perfect spheres of tasteless mashed potato . . . that sharpish rebuke on your first day for using the W.C. on the floor below . . . the resolute extinction of the lights in the lounge; the lounge itself, its straight-backed chairs ranged in fearful symmetry, in number exactly calculated to provide one seat each for members of a full house . . .

"You're not going," she says, "without writing something in the Book!"

Some sociologist, you reflect, should look into the whole mystique of the guest house Visitors' Book. Many

questions arise. Is it of merely personal pleasure to the proprietress to see that Mr. E. Smith and Family, London, had "The time of our lives simply lovely thanks for Everything," that W. Booter, Portsmouth, pays tribute to "Real home cooking a treat, W.B.?" Perhaps during the long winter evenings she takes the Book on her lap and dreamily tries to conjure up the authors. Was it Ernest W. Cork, Leeds ("Real Home from Home") who came in drunk and broke the umbrella stand, or is she confusing him with H. Ronald Finney, whose tribute in verse and powerful backward-leaning script took more than its due space for June 16, but was well worth it?—

*A tender thought from me to you
Now parting on my way
I mean to come back to Sea View
For my next holiday.*

Could it be, on the other hand, that

sentiment is sternly excluded? That these glowing records are simply a stick for beating the municipal authorities in charge of guest house licensing? Are they a guarantee, if a high standard of fulsomeness is maintained, of a mention in the new edition of "Come to Sandwater Bay This Year"? The scene at the Corporation offices is packed with bustle and excitement as the eager women thrust their Books under the nose of the official concerned.

"One at a time, ladies, please. Now then, it's you next, isn't it, Mrs. Bealby. How many guests in all, then, last season?"

"Two hundred and three."

"Just let me get that down. Right. Number of tributes?"

"Ninety-eight. But that's because some—"

"Quite so. Some were kiddies, some couldn't write, some forgot, I know. We make a percentage allowance for that, as to scale laid down. Any poems?"

"Five."

"Very good indeed, if I may say so. I think that will take some beating."

"Thank you, sir."

"And lastly, of course—purely as a matter of routine—any adverse comments?"

"Oh no, sir. In all my years—"

"Just so. Well, the information will go forward to the committee, and you will be notified in due course. Next?"

And so it goes on. Is there, the sociologist might care to inquire, an illicit traffic in these books? And are the authorities alert for forgeries, with handwriting experts on call to ensure that the words "Absolute perfection in every way, cannot speak too highly, apple crumble melts in mouth" were indeed the work of Mr. and Mrs. H. Dewlap and Valerie (6), Penmaenmawr, and not, in fact, of Mrs. Hurstwind, if it is she, now handing you a chewed penholder with crusted nib, ready dipped and gouting . . . ?

It is the right-hand page that invites you. It is headed, challengingly, "REMARKS." The week-end passes painfully before your eyes. You think of the remarks you have made, in the privacy of your bedroom, about the risssoles, the mysteriously missing bath-plug, the token bedroom curtains, failing to meet by a foot and a half, the knobs in the mattress, the misleadingly recommended beauty spots, the draughts, the

struggle for mustard, the travesty of toast, the squadron of pot birds on the landing, the ash-tray shortage, the sheer dead weight of suet, the bossiness, the bill.

Worst of all, you think of the thousands of others who have stood here thinking these thoughts. Not one of them has written "Purgatory," "Never slept a wink," "All scrag-end and wasps," "Telling my friends to steer clear," or "Reporting you to the Mayor." Nor can you. It's hard to know what to write. Luckily grandpa is just being ushered out into the fine rain, and prompts you to a phrase. "Very nice," you scribble. It seems, in a way, the least you can possibly say.

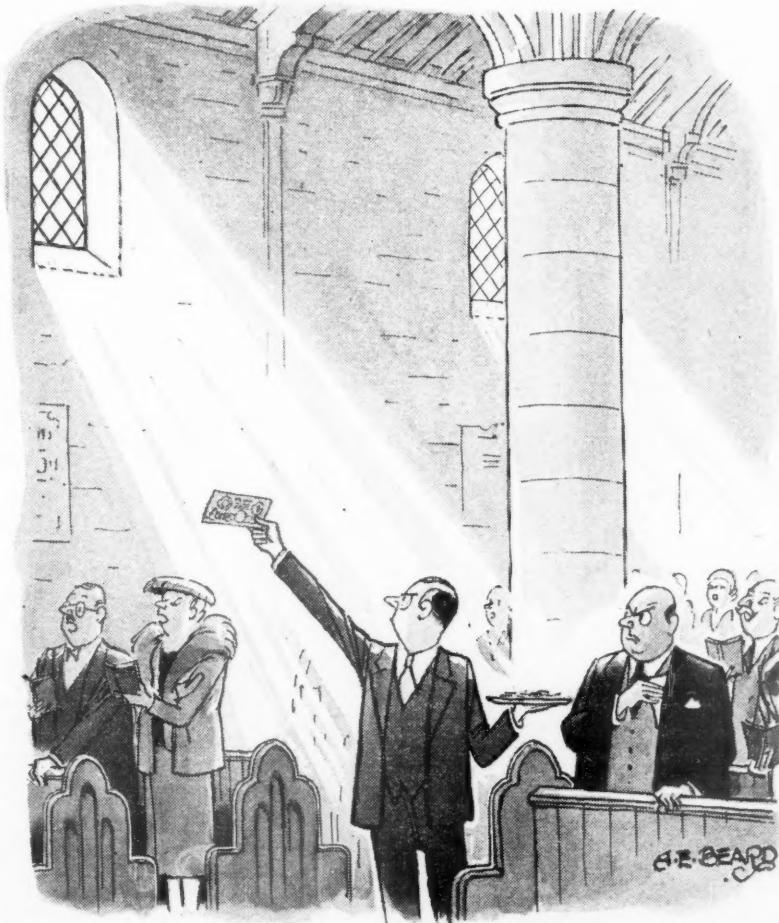
Epitaph for Harty

HERE's the mortal part of Harty;
In this life he got his start
Forming of a charter party
Party of the second part.

Say not of him that he bartered,
Chaffered crudely in the mart,
He who sat apart and chartered
Parties with a loving heart.

To his parties he imparted
Charters that were works of art,
Till the dreadful day he darted
Underneath a dustman's cart.
Here he lies, the dear departed
Party of the second part.

— R. P. LISTER



HIKERS —

*This year it is
NOT the Lake District
NOT the Yorkshire Dales
NOT the Trossachs*

PROTEST MARCH —

LEFTWAYS HOLIDAYS LIMITED
173A ST. PANCRAS BUILDINGS
LONDON, N.1



Some Unique Opportunities

Since about Boxing-Day other publications have been hard at it making your summer plans. PUNCH dare not hang back. Our team of holiday investigators therefore presents a number of choices not publicized elsewhere. We are the sole concessionaires.

SPLASHIWAYS are offering, for July and August, rowing-boat tours of the floods. Family boats, from twenty guineas, are equipped with oar, umbrella, lobster-pot, Liberian flag, cork, trident and an aerial photograph of the Gulf Stream. Bilingual couriers stationed on thatched roofs along the route will point out submerged places of interest.

In a drier vein, why not sample an unusual camping holiday with the Society of Witches and Sorcerers under canvas on the top of Pendle Hill? Membership of the S.W.S. costs only five guineas, but campers must provide own broomstick, toad, cackle, black cat, incantation, and waxen image of a politician with supply of a hundred pins. Cauldrons are on loan at three-and-sixpence. No dogs or children; familiars and apprentices half-price.

Unusual coach-routes this year vary from the Tour of Robbed Banks (Friday to Friday throughout the season; special reduced charge for Bank Holiday Week) to the Colourful Trouble Spots of Britain, taking in Notting Hill, Nottingham, Manchester, Glasgow, etc. (Insurance premium per passenger £50.)

If you *must* seek foreign parts, Fuchsia Tours are taking Winter Sports fans weekly to the shores of the Weddell Sea. Here you will find bracing winds and all the space you want—unspoiled acres of bright, clean country with lots of jolly seals and penguins for the kiddies. (Parties assemble Falkland Islands, 2.30 Friday afternoons.)

For those who like to stagger home beneath a ton of foreign trophies, No-Limit Holidays can offer Yeti-Hunting in the Himalayas—(lifelike models at reasonable prices in Katmandu shops if expedition unsuccessful)—and Walking Tours along the Dead Sea bed (own frogman's outfit needed). Parachute-Jumping in the Andes could be this

Re-live those exciting War Years

CONDUCTED TOURS OF REMOTE WAR-TIME
ARMY CAMPS. PARTIES NOW BEING MADE UP
FOR CAITHNESS, YORKSHIRE, & NORFOLK

WRITE TO: NOSTALGIA TOURS LTD., CROYDON

→ NOTE THESE ★ ATTRACTIONS

- * All Atomic Energy Establishments and Rocket Sites covered
- * Aldermaston Veteran attached to every party of TEN or over
- * Three- and Four-Piece Jazz Bands on every March
- * Appearance on News-Reels and TV not guaranteed but fairly likely

year's novelty for those who have already skid the Cairngorms, watched the T.T. races, swum the Channel and surf-ritten Newquay Bay. (Own plane, parachute and risk. Wreckage purchased at five shillings per ton.) "No-Limit" prices vary from fifty annas to a million bolivars, with slight reductions for babies in arms. These prices are inclusive of genuine English breakfast on day of departure, frostbite lotion and I.T.A. rights for all underwater films, exclusive Yeti interviews, etc.

Practical jokers will welcome the help of Laffawile Services Ltd., who can arrange, at ridiculous prices, a fortnight's disappearance from a Black Sea boarding-house. Here is your chance to mystify your friends, read your own obituary in *The Times* or see your photograph in the *Daily Mirror*. Incognito outfits, which include reversible pyjama-case, false knuckles and plastic adhesive scar, are included in the charge. This is one holiday which does not end with that anti-climactic return to Victoria Station; which can, in fact, be wined and dined upon for years. Well worth the money!

Knowledge-seekers, parents of eleven-plus candidates, etc., can this year share with Dethways Ltd. the actual experience of a middle-class Chinese funeral or a Bangbangwati tribe ritual murder. (Eight days, seven sleepless nights at destination.) With their challenging slogan, "See how the other half dies!" Dethways Ltd. have earned a worldwide reputation for efficient dispatch.

Folder of customers' tributes obtainable (price 2s. 6d.) from your leading book-store. Married couples can take the famous "Gruesome Twosome" ticket at a cheaper rate.

Students, unemployed actors, etc., who need a working holiday may be interested in the following summer camps:

- (1) Litter-collecting on Helvellyn. (Own tents. Earnings 5/- per ton.)
- (2) Conversion of condemned-line railway stations into Displaced Persons' Launderettes. (Hammocks for fifty in ex-station-master's lovely neo-Betjeman residence. Earnings 3/1 per day.)
- (3) Arc-lamp beautifying in suburbia. Knowledge of raffia-work, poker-work, tatting an advantage. (Mobile caravans. Earnings 1/3 per lamp.)

Advertised holidays claim to be worry-free, but for those of you who like to worry, Desperation Coaches offer

weekly trips to Wit's End (the original Last Resort), guaranteeing unrivalled scope for ticket-losing, connection-missing, luggage-muddling, over-charging, under-feeding and reckless driving. This trip is liable to be cancelled at the last moment (money not refundable) and clients who actually make a start are requested to carry on their persons:

- (a) Details of blood-group and religion in block caps.
- (b) Last Will and Testament.
- (c) £500 in non-traceable notes or silver.

Finally, a Holidays-at-Home suggestion. Most local Parks Committees are issuing Runabout Tickets (seven guineas) which enable you to trample down geranium-beds, climb trellises, play football with chrysanthemum heads, ramble on the roses and tiptoe through the tulips. (Mondays to Fridays, inclusive.)

**A HOLIDAY
WITH A DIFFERENCE**

**HI-VUE
HIRE LIMITED**

**FORK-LIFT TRUCKS
SELF OR CHAUFFEUR
DRIVEN**



Man in Apron

by

Larry



Should Husbands Wash Up?

"There is nothing more degrading, more humiliating, more contrary to one's whole conception of a man than to see him in a plastic apron doing the washing-up."

—Lady Lewisham

WHETHER the primary cause of the degradation and humiliation in the eyes of Lady Lewisham is the wearing of a plastic apron or the doing of the washing-up, and if the former whether it is the apron as such or the fact that it is plastic, is obscure.

Not having the privilege of knowing Lady Lewisham and being unable therefore to obtain the solution of this momentous problem from the lady herself, I put the problem to my friend James the other evening.

James is a High Court judge with an acute and penetrating legal mind which has been trained over many years to construe and interpret the obscure language commonly to be found in wills, settlements and commercial contracts. At times he has even succeeded in extracting some semblance of sense from such unlikely material as the Rent Restriction Acts and that chaotic jungle of legislative verbiage which deals with income tax and death duties. James, moreover, has a natural flair for probing the minds and motives of female witnesses and elucidating an apparently logical and coherent story from the most incoherent mass of inconsistent vapourings.

He proceeded to tackle the problem of Lady Lewisham's cryptic statement in the analytical and detached manner for which he is so justly famed. "It can hardly, I think, be suggested," he began, endeavouring to adjust his wig—which of course he was not wearing—"that an apron *per se* can be in any way degrading. No one could be heard to contend that a clerk in Holy Orders is degraded by being consecrated bishop, notwithstanding that his translation necessarily involves an obligation thereafter to wear an episcopal apron. Neither is it probable that any woman—even one as aristocratically fastidious as Lady Lewisham—would regard a blacksmith as lacking in virility because his

calling traditionally involves the wearing of an apron, albeit a leather one. That virility in the lower orders is not unappreciated by the aristocracy is, of course, clearly established by the well-known case of *Chatterley v. Chatterley*. I am bound, therefore, I think, to discard your first proposition that the apron *per se* is the *causa causans* of her ladyship's displeasure."

Here James paused to give full effect to his words and again straightened his imaginary wig before continuing:

"As to washing-up, one must, as always, give due consideration to the surrounding circumstances. The *locus in quo* cannot be ignored, and it becomes essential, therefore, in the first place to distinguish clearly between an establishment (such as Lady Lewisham herself no doubt maintains) in which there is an adequate staff of paid operatives to perform such menial functions, and the more normal household in which the onus is upon the wife herself to discharge these duties with the possible assistance of a part-time worker whose tour of duty will almost certainly have terminated long before the time has arrived for washing up after the evening meal. In either case it is material to inquire into the motive which has induced the husband to undertake this specific task. In the former case the only plausible explanation would appear to be some species of Freudian urge; for example the esoteric pleasure engendered by the opportunity to clasp the clammy hands of a comely kitchen-maid in the scullery sink. In such a case, even in the absence of any actual *mens rea*, a wife might well be excused for feeling that there was some justification for Lady Lewisham's remarks.

"In the latter and more normal case, however, there would appear to be two possible motives, either (a) the lingering instincts of a more chivalrous age which prompt him to come to the assistance of what he may still fondly believe to be the weaker sex, or (b) that he can no longer stand the sight of his wife and is well aware that the only time she is certain to leave him alone is when he is washing up. If he has any sense at all he will never let her know which is the true motive; and whichever it is she couldn't care less so long as she does not have to wash up herself. It is obvious, therefore, that in the normal household no wife would be so foolish

as ever to suggest that her husband looks anything but his best when washing up the dishes. For these reasons I am satisfied that, except in the rare case of an adequately staffed establishment, I ought also to discard your second proposition."

At this point James carefully wiped his eyeglass with a large silk handkerchief before resuming the threads of his judgment.

"It follows, therefore, by logical deduction that the objectionable feature which so offends Lady Lewisham must be the plastic material from which the apron is fashioned. Here I find myself in complete agreement with her. If I had a jury I should unhesitatingly leave to them the question of whether any man would voluntarily wear a plastic apron if he was of sound mind.

'It is for you, gentlemen of the jury,' I would say, 'to consider why any man, if he be in his right mind, should choose to wear a plastic apron when he could equally well have a plain stout linen one like a carpenter, a smart striped one like a butcher, a black silk one like a bishop, a green baize one like a real butler, or even a rough sack one like a soldier on cookhouse fatigue.' I have little doubt what the verdict of the jury would be. Undoubtedly, my dear Andrew, her ladyship was right in her scathing condemnation of the emasculated type of moron who would choose plastic."

Having completed this masterly summing up of the case, James passed me the last plate to dry and taking off his green baize apron hung it up behind the pantry door.

— A. C.



Warning to Investors

UNLESS you have money to spare
For risky financial adventures
My earnest advice is, Beware
Of buying Space-Travel Debentures.

Remember the Roads of Iron—

They also began with a "Rocket,"
And to-day, in spite of Sir Brian,
Are deplorably out of pocket.

— E. V. MILNER



"You go first, I'm frightened."

Imaginary Conversation

By T. S. WATT

"The truth is that we have seen so far some appalling batting from the Englishmen . . . It's very unlike the stuff I fielded against to Hammond, Hutton, Compton, Barnett, Leyland, Paynter and the like."—Jack Fingleton

BAILEY: I believe I'm right in saying that you've never introduced a death-bed scene into one of your reports?

FINGLETON: I'm not sure that I quite follow you, son.

BAILEY: In the 1953 Test series, when sports writers didn't handle their pens as though they were filled with

nitro-glycerine, Jowett's death-bed was a prominent and very popular feature of one account of play.

FINGLETON: I've always aimed at a straightforward, workmanlike description. Believe me, son, you don't want to be cluttering up your prose with death-beds and the like when you have to try to explain how the cream of England's batsmen——

GRAVENEY: Nevertheless, it must surely be admitted that judicious ornamentation and embellishment, plentifully

mingled with apposite simile and metaphor, do much to secure that vivacity and spriteliness of expression without which even the most faithful recording of the passing scene must appear dull and insipid?

FINGLETON: What was that again, son?

MILTON: "Compton dived delightfully to the chance, and as he caught his prize, a bird of dazzling plumage, he threw up the ball, the picture of a happy cricketer." That's a 1953 Cardus. No scratching about playing for safety, you notice, but a pen put to the paper with some spirit and enjoyment.

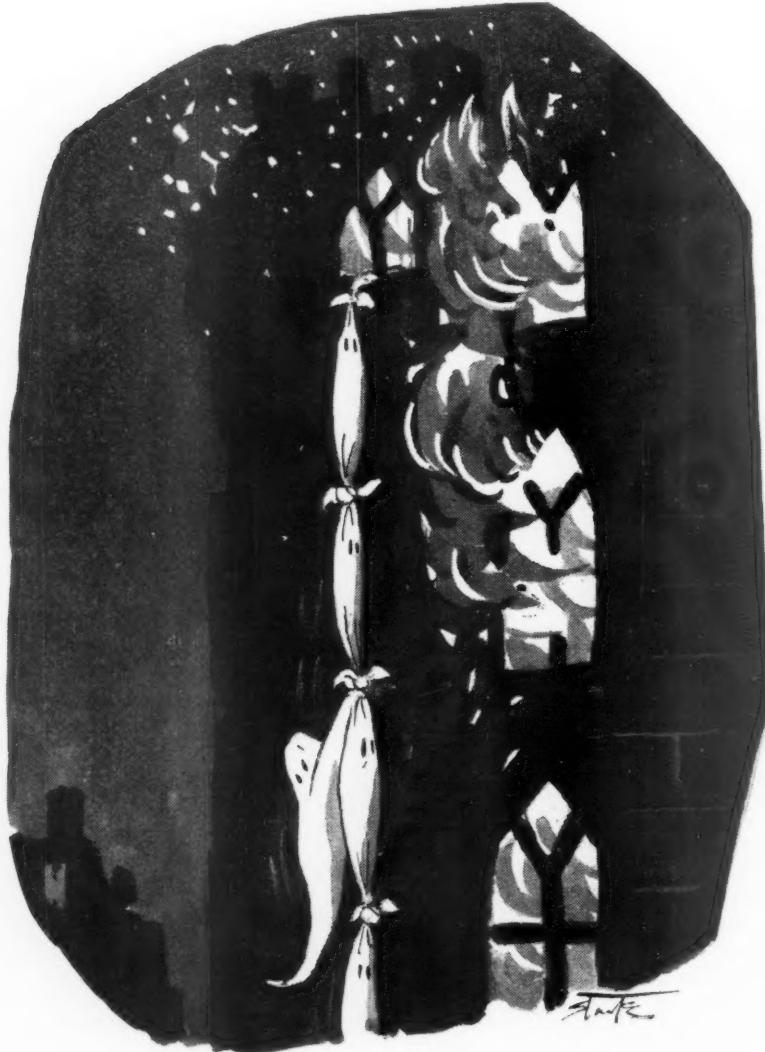
FINGLETON: That may be, but you mustn't forget that a good many readers are anchored pretty nearly as firmly to the ground as you were yourself for six out of the seven balls you received the other day. They're going to get some sort of confused idea of Compton diving about grabbing at balls and birds, and what are they going to think? Well, I don't want to touch on a sore point, with all these remarks being made about late nights and so on, but I think they'll get a picture of a rather happier cricketer than a keen England supporter would wish.

MILTON: Still, don't you think you might try to pitch your fancy in a rather more richly flighted arc, to use a phrase that will be familiar enough to some readers, heaven help them? Listen to this—Cardus again: "If the wicket had been sprinkled with snow, the marks made by Hassett's movements would have been as pretty as a bird's on a lawn early on a winter morning." How's that for a bit of spirited, aggressively tempered penmanship?

FINGLETON: You know what size of boot Lindsay Hassett takes?

GRAVENEY: If Proust be our mentor, then——

BAILEY: Just a minute, Tom. Don't you think, Jack, that a completely new technique might be a good thing? For a start, what about your tenses? Mightn't you be able to turn a phrase more contumaciously by changing to a crisp, aggressive present? "But Cowdrey, his sleeves tucked high above his great brown elbows, has now taken guard, and soon the thud of the ball on his broad pad is re-echoing . . ." That sort of thing.



GRAVENEY: Thomas Hughes (1822-1896) preferred the present tense, and in at least one account of a cricket match he made use of a device which you might find useful—the putting of the description of play into the mouths of three spectators, two being members of the batting side, and the third a clergyman. The fact that just before the last Test a prominent sports writer advocated, if I understood him rightly, a day of national prayer, seems to indicate that many readers might welcome a more spiritual approach to the game. I have jotted down a few lines which may give you some idea of the possibilities of the method.

"Look," cries Laker, "Dexter has been given out! How well they are bowling!"

"Never mind," says May. "Bailey is still there, and I don't know a steadier man in England, in a tight corner."

"And what quality," puts in the bishop quietly, handing back True-man's autograph book, in which he has good-naturedly jotted down a text—"what quality is more valuable in the daily lives of all of us than—"

FINGLETON: Look, son—

BAILEY: The main thing is, Jack, that we do feel you've become just the least bit tentative and muscle-bound, and the general opinion is that if there's any one thing that would do you more good than a full eight hours a day slogging away at your Thesaurus, it's to get right away to Bondi beach and never so much as think of cricket for a solid fortnight.



Virtuous Circle

WHEN I was young, when I was young
when I was born in the year '03
the fame of Freud, the name of Jung*
were wholly unsung in the North Countree:
strait was the way the sinner
(if ever he dared to) trod:
Father's descent to dinner
foreboded the wrath of God:
not because his love was frugal—
Father hadn't read McDougall.

When I was young, when I was young
in the first decade of the centuree
my mother taught me my mother tongue,
Church Latin, the flute and the Rule of Three.
With the flat of her hand, when I was one
she taught me the Wrong which I shouldn't have done:
with the flat of her hair-brush, when I was two
she taught me the Right which I ought to do—
a sound foundation for plant ecology
Scripture, good manners, and Greek mythology.

Now I must make confession—
they did not know of the Id:
due to its savage repression
I loved my mother, I did:
My complexes shudder like jellies—
here, here is a thing to perplex:
they hadn't read Havelock Ellis—
they had read *Oedipus Rex*.

The sad years fled, the bad years fled,
and I was wed, and the children came:
My wife, who had suffered as I had, said
"We will teach them nothing of shame or blame."
"Bring up the little clots on
E. B. C. Jones," I agreed,
"Let them behave like Watson—
that is, if they learn to read."
And soon their little libidos
began to blossom like the rose.

As we grow old, as we grow old
in the middle years of the centuree,
long ago they have left the fold
and our children love neither their mother nor me:
the Court has rescinded Jill's divorce
(their father is keeping the kids, of course);
Tom never married to begin with
and is kept by the girl he lives in sin with;
our only grandson—which is odd—
fears both of them like the wrath of God:
the child is taught at his mother's knee
Church Latin, the flute, and the Rule of Three,
Scripture, good manners, and plant ecology
but—because of its morals—no Greek mythology.

— R. C. SCRIVEN

* phonetic pronunciation north of the Trent

Toby Competitions

No. 56—Dramatis Personæ

IN old plays characters were often given short descriptions, e.g. "An old rake, uncle to Lady False and feigning to be in love with Aminda while secretly pursuing Chloe." Competitors are invited to provide similar descriptions of four characters from an imaginary but typical modern play. Total: not more than one hundred words.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries by first post on Friday, February 27, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 56, *Punch*, 10 Bouvierie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 53 (Travellers' Tales)

Competitors were asked for anecdotes of travel throwing light on British or foreign characteristics. A good batch, apart from a number of old, old stories, many of them beginning with an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotsman. On

the whole, competitors were more conscious of motes than of beams. Seeing our own faults is clearly the most prevalent British virtue to-day.

The winner of the framed *Punch* original is:

L.T.-COL. J. B. H. DOYLE
21 THE GREEN
TWICKENHAM
MIDDLESEX

Between the wars I was leaving the ski-fields of Davos by the night train. The restaurant car was full of Swiss week-enders, returning to Zurich; but there was one other English table. At it one Englishman put this poser, very loudly, to his companion:

"If you have to share a sleeper with a foreigner, do you take the upper or the lower berth?"

I was not able to hear the answer.

Runners-up were:

An Englishwoman of my acquaintance was living for a time in a French village. One day, while buying biscuits, she remarked that she had been round the factory where those particular biscuits were made in England. She added: "In England we eat them with cheese and butter." "Ah!"



"But I can neither run nor jump."

exclaimed the shop-keeper. "Ça, c'est le comble de luxe!"—Miss Adrienne Gascoigne, 17 Blossom Street, York

Walking along one of Washington's main shopping streets I noticed a sports shop in the window of which was a cycling machine, i.e. a stationary cycle on which one pedals for exercise.

Nothing unusual about that, perhaps; but this one had an electric motor to turn the pedals and it carried a placard—"Take your exercise without exertion."—Arnold G. Ward, 15 Werstan Close, Malvern, Worcs.

I was driving through the Irish countryside recently and was obstructed on a narrow road by a horse and cart, the driver's seat of which was a single plank across the front.

The driver was sitting on the offside of the cart and when I gently tooted for him to draw over a little, he slid across the seat to the near side and waved me on.—Colin Lunn, 6 Hornminster Glen, Horncurch, Essex

British woman tourist wearing swim suit, mask and snorkel tube, surfacing in a tiny harbour on the Dalmatian Coast, is addressed by Yugoslavian fisherman on the quayside. Y.F.: Deutsch?

B.W.T.: Nein, nicht Deutsch, Engländerin. Y.F. (slowly and politely): I can say, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

B.W.T. (equally politely, but spluttering slightly): Jeden, dva, tri, cheteri, pet, shest, sedam, osam, devet, deset.

Y.F.: Good-bye.

B.W.T.: Good-bye.

—Miss H. Bromby, 16 Raymond Road, Southampton

One-guinea book tokens to these and to:

Wing-Commander M. M. Kane, M.B.E., R.A.F., Brimpton Cottage, Milton Common, Oxford; E. M. C. Edwards, c/o 25 Wetstone Lane, West Kirby, Wirral, Cheshire; J. P. Pinel, 67 Horn Park Lane, Lee, London, S.E.12

CHESTNUT GROVE

Claude Shepperson, A.R.A., continued to draw for Punch from 1905 until his death in 1921.

Stamps 72

Colonial Barber. "TOWN CUT OR COUNTRY CUT, SIR?"
Customer. "GIVE US ABOUT FIVE MILE OUT."

Punch Almanack for 1910

Essence of



Parliament

THERE are few more gettable goats than that of Lord Alexander of Hillsborough and few more expert goat-getters than Lord Hailsham. Monday's Lords' debate on convertibility petered out mainly in Lord Alexander's complaint that Lord Hailsham confused patriotism with his own opinions. The Lords were not very much better on Lord Simon's demand for Britain's abandonment of nuclear weapons on Wednesday. That the only real solution was total peace and total disarmament, that Lord Simon's proposals for British disarmament and pledges from four countries not to manufacture such arms were by comparison small beer was so obvious that it was really hardly worth saying. Yet a large number of peers spent a large amount of time in saying this and little more. Of course Lord Simon's proposals were small proposals. The question was whether, so far as they went, they were sensible. Lord Strang did not think that dangers of war would be increased if all sorts of people had nuclear weapons, but the general view of the small number of peers who addressed themselves to the question was that Lord Simon, so far as he went, was right—that if more powers had the weapons the dangers would be greater and that therefore it would be a good thing—though not a matter of first importance—to prevent the weapons spreading.

There has been a good deal going on in the House of Commons, particularly behind and above the scenes—Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd preparing as flying angels of peace to go to Moscow, Socialist malcontents lobbying against the German policy, Conservative malcontents lobbying against the Cyprus policy. There was a curious debate on Monday regarding the

compensation to be paid to those injured in atomic accidents, Sir Ian Horobin defending the bill on the ground that it was most unlikely that there would be any accidents, but that if there were the money would not be nearly sufficient to pay the compensation. On Tuesday the Socialists had a chance at unemployment and one would have thought that even Socialists could not have muffed that, but, led by Mr. Lee, they managed it. What people want to know is what the Socialists are going to do about unemployment, not a mere reiteration of their complaints against the Tories. But it is a curiosity—and a curiosity to Parliament's credit—that in spite of threats of elections and threats of war these matters all took second place to the fate of a little boy in Thurso, called John Waters, who had or had not been beaten up by the police. Sir David Robertson had been an independent Member long before he rejected the Whip, and if any policeman wished to go in for rough stuff he would be well advised to try some other constituency than Caithness for his escapades. Sir David does not take no for an answer, and Mr.

Niall MacPherson, the Under-Secretary, is not much of a hand at giving no for an answer. The result is that the Government by refusing an inquiry has run itself into a proper row. Liberals and Socialists weighed in to support Sir David, and even the ranks of Tuscany behind him did not forbear to jeer at the poor Under-Secretary as he tried to wriggle out. The Prime Minister stepped in to promise a statement on Monday.

On Thursday a 'flu-depleted House assembled to hear Mr. Maudling read

out the funeral service over the Free Trade Area. It is indeed a funeral service when Mr. Maudling, who as a rule so delights in sprightly and spontaneous argument, is reduced to reading. Whether it was that more Socialists were suffering from 'flu or fewer Socialists were interested in Europe I cannot say, but the ranks on the

Socialist side were considerably thinner than opposite. But, as it turned out, the main interest of the afternoon was not in the death of Free Trade but in Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's statement about Cyprus. Poor Conservatives who have for years been driven into lobbies to assert that Britain has an inalienable

interest in Cyprus, that it is very doubtful how far other Powers ought to be consulted at all, that the most that we can consider is "an adventure in partnership," were more than a little alarmed to wake up to discover that the whole matter had been settled by foreigners behind our back.

And there was restiveness among Conservative back-benchers which extended far beyond the bounds of the old Suez Group. Yet the Government played the card rather cleverly. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's statement was roughly that the Government welcomed what was done but was not yet in a position to say in detail what had been done. With that was thrown in a reassurance to Mr. Turton that Britain would retain sovereignty over her bases. This did not leave rebellion anything very concrete to bite on, and when Lord Hinchingbrooke alone attempted to raise vocally its standard it was not difficult to sidestep. Thus everything has been put off till next week, when the Government calculates—probably rightly—that according to usual form grumbling will have its usual importance.

— PERCY SOMERSET

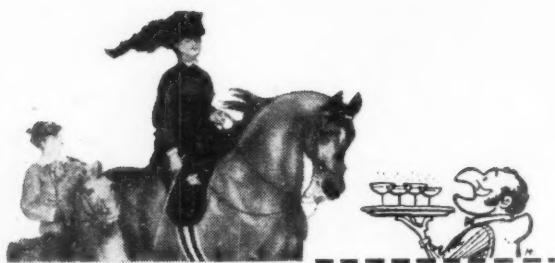


Lord Hailsham



Mr. Selwyn Lloyd

**FOR
WOMEN**



Our Faithful Retainers

ALL this came back to me the other day, between house cleaning and shopping, when I couldn't decide which chore to do first. Something set off a chain reaction of memories. I simply had to sit down and remember my brief spell of gracious living shortly before the last war, when I was a schoolgirl with long, uneven pigtails.

At that time we lived in Budapest, in a three-room flat. Our funds were low, our standard of living pretty high. Somehow or other the proverbial shoestring must have been very elastic, because it afforded us the sort of domestic arrangements that to-day would be regarded as proof of considerable wealth.

We had a series of maids of all work or, in to-day's phrase, working housekeepers. They ranged from young peasant girls, fresh up from the country to learn good manners and "refined" cooking, to more sophisticated semi-detached ladies fleeing from an irate husband or waiting for the next. Some lasted long, others didn't. The best of the lot, a bovine beauty who was very upset when we asked her not to dress her hair with violet-scented dripping, stayed long enough to be trained to near perfection. Then she went off and married the prize bachelor of the district, a handsome plumber with a waxed moustache.

But it was really our part-time employees who made life worth living.

To begin with, whenever we had maid trouble our temporary butler stepped in to bridge the gap.

His name was Schwartz. He was small, impeccable, full of good will, a dab hand at any chore. He was a permanent temporary worker, looking after a select batch of households where

maids departed at regular intervals, leaving chaos and resentment. Schwartz could cook, shop, clean, mend, serve at table and play the piano. He charged the earth. Men servants were the last word in luxury and he wanted to remain a costly joy rather than settle anywhere permanently. Much as he loved us, his true love was variety.

The other members of our part-time brigade were even more indispensable. There was Mrs. T., the laundress, who had to be booked for a whole year's wash-days in one stretch. Our block of flats had a spacious laundry room on the top floor with adjoining drying rooms. Each New Year's Day tenants booked the laundry-room for dates throughout the following twelve months. We happened

to be among the concierge's favourites and therefore got all the Thursdays and Fridays we wanted (which meant having the week-end as well for drying). Our small household was so well stocked with linen that Mrs. T.'s services were only required every six weeks or so.

Mrs. T. looked like a Tartar queen. She was dark, exotic, statuesque and full of woe. She had an unspecified number of hot-blooded daughters who were going to be the death of her one way or another, and in her grief she ate enough for four farmhands. Hers was more than ordinary eating. She stoked up the enormous furnace of her body conscientiously and expertly. The result was more than brute force. Ruthless with tough linen yet maternally tender with delicate embroideries, she achieved miracles with home-made soap and know-how. She also rinsed everything in seven waters.

Mrs. T. was followed by Mrs. I., the ironing woman, a frail widow with knotted veins on her thin hands. She worked with lightning speed and precision—a virtuoso of the charcoal-heated iron. One flick of the wrist pleated the frills of a pillow slip; lawn blouses emerged in pristine smoothness. Mrs. I. was a magician. She ate roughly twice as much as Mrs. T.

Four times a year we were visited by



"He loves me . . . he loves me not . . . he loves me . . ."

Mrs. K., a clairvoyante lady with a thatch of yellow-grey hair who mended the household linen. She darned beautifully, murmuring weird predictions.

Mrs. F., our minute dressmaker, came at regular intervals to "run up" whatever we needed. She was simple and almost illiterate, but one glance at a French fashion picture was enough for her to produce a precise copy of the couture model.

Twice a year we received the woman who did the Big Cleaning. In spring she was preceded by the chimney sweep; in autumn by the man who put the tile stoves into order. All the year round there were weekly visits from the manicurist (small spinster specializing in blood-curdling gossip), the hairdresser (languid blonde spreading genteel scandal), and fortnightly calls from the pedicurist gentleman (retired officer type in glacé gloves). All these visitors temporarily turned the house upside down, but they were part of our daily lives and we hardly noticed the disturbance.

We had the best of both worlds: an army of skilled helpers who did their jobs with ardour and efficiency, as in the days of patriarchal mammoth households—and yet we lived in a small flat with all mod. cons. I can only define those old, shadowy figures as faithful part-time retainers. We were each other's chattels in an affectionate, feudal-democratic way. They expected us to patronize their relatives who were dry-cleaners, locksmiths or cobblers. We only recommended them to friends who, we knew, would keep them at the standard to which they were accustomed.

It was lovely while it lasted. Now I'd better take the drip-dry curtains to the launderette before washing the kitchen floor in preparation for my weekly manicure. It softens the cuticles, you know.

— ANN CHRISTOPHER



A Little of What You Fancy

"Princess Margaret is a very temperate young woman . . . For more than an hour she was at the headquarters of the Victoria League . . . But in that time the Princess would take *only one small brandy . . .*"

Daily Herald

"Princess Margaret . . . overstayed her scheduled visit to the Victoria League's headquarters . . . At the end she had been so interested that her drink of whisky and water was set aside untouched . . ." — *Star*

Vade-Mecum

AS everybody knows, the United States of America is a paradise for women. They are spoiled by their husbands, labour-saved in their homes and catered for in their stores to an extent we can only dream of over here. They are made lovely in life by beauticians, in death by morticians.

These bounties are among the common currency of the American Way of Life. But the small change, this same process at 10-cent level, what do we Englishwomen know of it until it is brought home as it was to me recently, at Orly Airport, by the contents of a bag of oddments left in my hands by an American buyer?

"They don't amount to a shoe-string," she said, "but they may amuse you."

They did. For they represented the vade-mecum of the average American woman, her running repairs, each item scaled to handbag proportions.

Directions for use in each case are explicit. No action involved is too slight to mention. Take SUD ZETTES: "The Laundering Caps for Travel." "Dry your hands," read the directions, "empty the capsule, then *throw the capsule away*." In the case of BALM ARGENTA HAND LOTION PILLOWS ("use them anywhere, anytime, in South Africa or on Main Street—Soothing, smoothing") you are invited to tear (carefully) the pillows "at the notch," then "to gently squeeze out lotion and throw foil away."

WASH'N DRI leaves users to their own intellectual resources to worry their



"Warm legs, cold heart!"

way into the packet. But the effort is more than rewarding: a small impregnated "towelette" that "removes grime and make-up." WASH'N DRI is recommended by *Parents* magazine, and certainly the towelette scores a point of progress over the corner-of-the-hanky-and-spit-darling system.

Last comes NU-NAILS—a set of ten plastic finger nails. "Beautiful Nails at a Moment's Notice," reads the top of the packet, while on the sides you are urged to "Be a Lady to your Finger Tips." And all for 29 cents.

— PHYLLIS HEATHCOTE

Gracious Bathroom

I THINK I will scrap my bathroom, with its old-world rubber floor
And its tiles and its plastic tumblers, and that chromium hook on the door.
I will make me a *modern* bathroom, such as has never been
But on pages eleven and sixty of this homecraft magazine.

I will lay down a thick soft carpet topped with a tiger skin
And I'll gut a mahogany tallboy to keep the towel-rail in
And I'll cover the walls with damask and rig up a chandelier
And panel the bath in gros-point and bring out the best Vermeer—

And when I have fixed my bathroom, how happy I shall be!
Dash it, I'll have the secret of that major mystery,
How bathrooms modelled on stately drawing-rooms look when they get
What in fact a stately drawing-room just never does get—wet.

— ANGELA MILNE



The Fragrant and Fruitful Weed

THE tobacco industry is smoking out its prophets of gloom. The harsher the threats of danger to wind, limb and lung, the greater the quantity of tobacco smoked. In 1958 over 100,000,000,000 cigarettes were sold in the United Kingdom which, on the basis of say twenty-five million smokers, works out at a little under eighty cigarettes a week. (By some standards this is really not trying.)

It doesn't, however, follow that more cigarettes sold mean a corresponding increase in tobacco smoked. One of the most interesting phenomena in recent months has been the boom in the so-called "king-size" cigarette, of which according to the best statistical surveys a much larger proportion is thrown away in the unsmoked stub. The other phenomenon of the cigarette world has been the increasing popularity of the filter-tip, the material of which is probably a good deal cheaper than tobacco. This may account in small part for the rising profits that are being made by the tobacco industry.

The largest of all the groups, that of the Imperial Tobacco Co., has recently reported a jump in net profits from £12,007,000 to £14,326,000, and a stepping up of its dividend from 20 to 21 per cent. There is a hint in its figures of fiercer competition in the tobacco trade. Total sales were slightly down and manufacturing costs higher. The rise in profits is due largely to the higher prices which came into effect in September 1957 (when the announcement was almost drowned by the Bank Rate hubbub) and which thus operated for the whole of the latest financial year to the end of October 1958, as against only a few weeks of the preceding year.

This announcement had a stimulating effect on the whole market of tobacco shares. "Imps" jumped by 2s. 6d. and "Bats" by 2s. on the day the happy news broke.

"Imps" shares at around 60s. yield

more than 7 per cent. The margin of profits that lies behind the latest dividend is now so reassuring that the shares look decidedly cheap. "Bats" at around 56s. yield only 5 per cent—but their profits are earned outside this country and from smokers who have not heard of anti-smoking campaigns. There is also a generous cover—more than three-fold of the latest dividend.

In Britain the industry has become increasingly competitive and during the past year Gallahers, with their Olivier and Senior Service cigarettes, have been making immense strides. These shares yielding 6 per cent are also well worth buying for keeps. Between them Imperial Tobacco and Gallahers account for about nine-tenths of total sales of tobacco in Britain.

A footnote on the British electrical industry's invasion of the American market. A few weeks ago there was an



Are Your Fruit Trees Regular?

YOU, if you're a reactionary fruit grower, probably grow the fruit on spurs—i.e. short, knobbly bits of wood spread along a dozen or so branches. Each of these spurs, as you'll know very well, has to be tended and pruned each year with the care and devotion of a mother elk for her young.

For the commercial fruit grower, spur-pruning was not only tedious but expensive, and it became more so as agricultural wages rose to their present miserable (if you happen to be an agricultural worker) level. He was, therefore, more than ready to welcome something new—although as a matter of fact regulated pruning was first developed as a way of bringing "filler" trees into bearing early—its simplicity and economy were happy by-products. ("Filler" trees are the ones which fill the spaces in a new orchard until the permanent trees come into bearing.)

Regulated pruning soon became such

unfortunate repulse when English Electric Co.'s tender for a \$1,450,000 order in Arkansas was rejected in favour of an appreciably higher bid by an American firm. More recently the Newcastle firm of C. A. Parsons and Co. has landed a much bigger order, valued at some \$12m., for a turbine generator for the Tennessee Valley Authority. This was secured in fierce competition with American firms. The president of one of the vanquished giants, conceding the victory, said that the "T.V.A. action would set a dangerous precedent." Dangerous for whom? Not for Uncle Sam—for this is not a case in which one can echo the verdict that "What's good for General Motors must be good for the United States." Not for the British electrical industry, which must be in extraordinarily good fettle if it can take on the American giants on their own home ground and beat them by such impressive margins.

— LOMBARD LANE

* * *

a success for filler trees that it lost its quotation marks, and growers began to try it on permanent trees as well. The possible snag was that the tree is left much more to find its own shape than older systems had allowed. Big trees, so the pessimists said, would get out of hand. This hasn't, on the whole, happened, though it depends a bit on the variety of apple, the rootstock and the soil.

It's best to begin with a young—i.e. one- to three-year-old—tree, for it's not easy to adapt a mature tree which has been spur-pruned, though you can certainly try. You do all the technical pruning in the first three or four seasons. After that you cut out branches which are rubbing against each other (for bugs get in through the wound) and those which are so crowded that there wouldn't be room to pick the fruit anyway. And that's all—you can spend the rest of the winter by the fire, or watching the telly, instead of freezing in the snow-bound garden with a pair of secateurs.

The technical pruning, by the way, consists of shortening three or four shoots, spaced around the stem and within a foot of the top of it, to about half their length. Do this for three or four years, cutting out each year about half the growth which your chosen shoots have made in the previous season.

Experts may argue that there is more to it than that. They are right, but you can find out the rest for yourself.

— PHILIP HOLLAND



BOOKING OFFICE

From Opposite Corners

Bizet and His World. Mina Curtiss. Secker and Warburg, 50/-

The Nine Lives of Mike Todd. Art Cohn. Hutchinson, 21/-

BIOGRAPHY has always had elastic sides, but how far the elastic can now be stretched is shown by two books, wildly different in approach, that have come from America.

Mrs. Curtiss's interest in Georges Bizet, the composer of *Carmen*, began with a hoard of unpublished letters and manuscripts on which she came while researching on Proust; since then she has collected a mass of forgotten material and sorted it all into a scholarly book with the fullest documentation. She is sparing of comment, she appears to have no special interest in music and her writing is not in itself exciting, but she gives us in a readable narrative a complete account of her subject that is sometimes very perceptive, as in her explanation of how Bizet's exemplary patience with his maddening mother-in-law helped to estrange his wife.

He was born in 1838 and died in 1875, a disappointed man, all his operas, including *Carmen*, having been failures in his lifetime. The lyric theatres of Paris were then in the doldrums, the managers gamblers, and the critics astonishingly corrupt; Bizet's music was ahead of its age and he refused to compromise. Although he quickly became a figure in Paris society, he had to keep the pot boiling with publishers' hack-work. Even among his friends there were few he could trust; Gounod comes out particularly badly.

In his early portraits he resembles a prim, very woolly bear in pince-nez. He was loyal, confident, enthusiastic and irascible. Gradually he developed a sense of persecution that was largely imaginary. His marriage began happily, to Geneviève Halévy, the daughter of his old master at the Conservatoire, but she was a neurotic seventeen and so

childish that during a luncheon important for Bizet she flipped bread pellets steadily at the conductor, Colonne. She became increasingly jealous of his kindness to her irresponsible mother, and for some time they parted. After his death she married Emile Straus, a connection of the Rothschilds, and matured into a hostess in the grand manner. She would have been forgotten if Marcel Proust had not come to her salon, and used her as a model for his Duchesse de Guermantes.

This book is above all carefully balanced, an orderly presentation of the known facts (Mrs. Curtiss only slips once, when she translates "angine," the throat affection from which Bizet suffered, as "angina"). At the opposite pole is Mr. Cohn's biography of Mike Todd, which is flashy, emotional and anecdotal, and yet builds up a strangely

clinging portrait. Two years before the air crash in which they both lost their lives Mr. Cohn became Todd's official biographer; from his notes his wife has been able to add the last two chapters.

Even by the standards of Hollywood fiction Mike Todd's career was fabulous. Born Avrom Goldbogen, the son of first-generation Jewish immigrants from Poland, he was running his own two-million-dollar-a-year property business when he was eighteen. Working up to Broadway with shows in which the female anatomy was spectacularly displayed, he went bankrupt in 1945 for nearly a million dollars, but bounced back, got in on Cinerama and sponsored the Todd-AO process. And so to *Around the World in Eighty Days*, on which he spent six million dollars, having been clean broke half-way through it.

But the man himself was far more interesting than any of his achievements. He was probably the last of the great showmen. When he was in funds he gambled them away at gin-rummy with a Regency zest, and immediately borrowed more to finance his next undertaking. That hard men of business continued to back him says much for his credit. He was not above playing a smart trick, but he could also abandon a play on the eve of opening when its anti-Jewish slant became apparent. Everything he did was larger than life. He spent money like water, partly for publicity but partly because he liked giving pleasure. He had an odd streak of scholarship, but it was typical of him that in the presence of heavy culture he said "ain't." He inspired great affection as well as considerable enmity, and he doted fiercely on his only son. Not many men would wish a finer memorial than *Around the World in Eighty Days*.

Perhaps Mr. Cohn's was the best way of dealing with such a character. It is brash and sentimental and slangy, but so was Todd. The feeling of an outsize man, insensitive to ordinary human limitations, is there, and that is the main thing.

— ERIC KEOWN

NOVEL FACES—LVI



IVY COMPTON-BURNETT

*Miss Compton-Burnett's homely conversations
Are apt to lead to gruesome revelations.*

NEW SHORT STORIES

The Watercress Girl. H. E. Bates. *Michael Joseph*, 13/-

"Big bells dangled in the foggy rain. A great bridge, scalded black at the edges, went over a street, and it was dark under the bridge except for the blue sparks of tram-wires . . ." There you have it at once, the swift, jabbing style of the true short story; and this collection marks another welcome return to the real mastery which Mr. Bates's proficiency and versatility (along with the size of his output) have tended to obscure. These stories are all concerned with an adult world (of forty or fifty years ago) seen through a child's eye. But beyond that they have plenty of variety, and of course colour. Unequal they may be—the first in the book, yet another evocation of May-time, skims close to self-parody; and Mr. Bates's comic types often seem to have bounced straight out of a mural by Stanley Spencer. But at their best—and the longest is the best of the lot—these stories combine speed and visual sharpness with real depth of feeling.

— D. P.

Victoria at Night. Uli Beigel. *Heinemann*, 15/-

The writer of these varied, delicate and sharp stories is a young woman whose terrifying picture fills the front of the dust-cover. She looks both sensitive and assured, the wounds of childhood already seeping gold. Her stories deal with lovelessness and the conflicts between the generations and, like other American writers in this particular tradition, she combines realistic milieux with varying degrees of fantasy. An opening that records with a careful eye and ear the stresses in a typical family will lead on to meetings with characters who are half-shadows and to acts that are, if meaningful at all, symbolic.

Miss Beigel is far too individual and promising a writer not to develop. Already her stories have a flavour of their own. Some of them have a delayed-action effect. What on first reading seemed failures go on working in the memory so that a glimpse of their titles calls up a surprisingly strong impression. Miss Beigel has creative toughness as well as the sensibility that is too often the short-story writer's only stock-in-trade.

— R. G. G. P.

The Housebreaker of Shady Hill. John Cheever. *Gollancz*, 15/-

These *New Yorker* stories about a dormitory area in the library-committee-and-martini belt describe family degeneration amid community activities in the depressing way it has often been described before. Surely suburban life is not such hell that merely to record the standard events in it is to evoke pity. Compared to the lot of most of the human race it is not hell at all. Outside a



totalitarian state, pressure to conform operates strongly only on those who want to conform. There is nothing scarring in not being asked to a party you don't want to go to.

But Mr. Cheever is strong where most American short-story writers are weak. If his settings are not much better than those of other lack-lustre chroniclers of commutation, he can invent series of unique, interrelated and interesting events: he can tell a tale. *The Wapshot Chronicle* showed his full sweep. It would be a pity if he narrowed it. His plots deserve the most varied background he can produce.

— R. G. G. P.

NEW NOVELS

The Scorpion Field. J. L. Nusser. *Heinemann*, 15/-

This ambitious American first novel is, very roughly, in the Cozzens tradition. For a short book there is a bewildering amount of stuff in it, which is odd when its chief fault is an occasional burst of prosy chatter intended to build up the character of the middle-aged narrator.

The love affair of the sixteen-year-old Hungarian garage-hand and the fourteen-year-old daughter of an hysterical minor business executive is seen only in its results, which illuminate morals and sociology. People and the relations between them are fresh. The discussion of responsibility, if at times a little oversubtle, is penetrating; the course of the narrative is unpredictable, and the episodes never give one the feeling of having been here before. From time to time American sentimentality seems to soften the cold justice of the novel; but then this softening is seen to be an intentional reflection of American sentimentality. I found the book continuously and variedly enjoyable and interesting while I was reading it and more impressive the more I have thought about it since.

— R. G. G. P.

The Vet's Daughter. Barbara Comyns. *Heinemann*, 13/-

Miss Comyns has got out of what once seemed a cul-de-sac and has managed to unite the strange vision of her earlier novels with a comparatively objective story, though a very odd one. She has based a first-person narrative on an Edwardian newspaper-cutting about a woman who caused a stampede and casualties on Clapham Common by appearing in a bridal dress and claiming to levitate. The little drudge in the seam home of her vet father has an individual voice, and the variations in her naïveté suit Miss Comyns's style very well. From an oddity that might have provided one of Mr. Plomer's ballads she has made something touching, preposterous and sharp.

The school of "innocent eye" novelists, which, I suppose, might extend from Miss Stevie Smith to Miss Kathleen Sully via E. H. W. Meyerstein, has emerged so gradually and from such varied talents that it may not seem a school at all. Many years ago I remember there was a curious novel by F. H. Dorset which might be an ancestor. There is, I regrettably feel, a thesis here for somebody.

— R. G. G. P.

My Caravaggio Style. Doris Langley Moore. *Cassell*, 15/-

A young antiquarian bookseller, hard-up for cash, attempts to forge Byron's burned memoirs, and is almost (but not quite) successful. The idea was a good one, and Mrs. Langley Moore, herself a Byron scholar, has based her story on such facts as are available. Unfortunately she has burdened herself with a clumsy and implausible plot and a set of characters who, with few exceptions, are wholly unconvincing; nor is one's disbelief more willingly suspended by the introduction of a number of real persons under their own names (these include, among others, Sir Harold Nicolson, Mr. Peter Quennell and Mrs. Langley Moore herself). The story of the forgery itself is fascinating, but there is too much padding, and the style tends to be unsuitably pompous and heavy-handed; one can't help wishing, rather ungratefully, that this potentially very amusing book had been written by someone else—Mr. Evelyn Waugh, perhaps, or Mr. Graham Greene. None the less, it is an agreeable enough entertainment, and anybody who has ever been concerned with the world of bookselling and publishing will read it with particular relish.

— J. B.

Women and Thomas Harrow. John P. Marquand. *Collins*, 16/-

In his best books—*The Late George Apley* and *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*—Mr. Marquand contrasted with neat irony the cash values of American urban life and the mental rigours of New England idealism. The contrast was never pushed very far, a compromise between cash and

idealism was somehow always effected. In his new book Mr. Marquand has forgotten the irony, and only the feeling for "success" remains. Thomas Harrow, a playwright to be mentioned with O'Neill, Williams and Miller, has lost all his savings in backing a musical called *Porthos de Paris*, and is now afflicted with almost total recall about his uneventful career and his three variously frightful wives. He doubts whether he was ever a good playwright (and we doubt it too, but does Mr. Marquand, really?), he makes a half-hearted gesture at suicide, he returns to—being a successful playwright. Can it be true, as the back cover says, that Mr. Marquand "will always hold a place in the cannon of American literature"? *Women and Thomas Harrow* is the feeblest pellet from a pop gun.

— J. S.

Frank Harris. Vincent Brome. Cassell, 25/-

This is a pleasant and entertaining retelling of the old stories, with some new material from unpublished letters and reminiscences. The unusual combination of confidence trickster and lover of literature that made Harris a great editor, a successful magazine impresario and a failure in the long run in every enterprise he touched makes him both a wildly comic and a tragically symptomatic character. There was enough in him to make a life-long friend out of a man as shrewd and tough as Shaw. His autobiography, most of which is either obscene or untrue, if rarely both at once, has enormous vitality, as the expurgated version that was published in England showed.

A kind of highbrow Bottomley, he crops up all over the place in late-Victorian and Edwardian memoirs, but never quite as a crook without any redeeming streak. He would have found it harder to win and keep social position in the healthier and more suspicious atmosphere of to-day, but he would also have found it harder to run magazines of the same quality.

— R. G. G. P.

Can Man be Modified? Jean Rostand. Secker and Warburg, 10/6

In the fascinating game of turning the world upside down not even the physicists have scored more points than the biologists. It now seems possible, for instance, to propagate living creatures as thousands of identical twins by methods applicable not only to "mice and rats and such small deer" but even to human beings. Compared with such a macabre triumph exploits like grafting a newt's eye on to the body of a salamander or producing a frog the size of a fly become mere commonplace.

M. Rostand shows no ultra-scientific craving for creepy-crawly tinkering with vitals. The idea of mankind becoming a bunch of laboratory-bred descendants of some non-deviationist Big Brother has no appeal for him, but he does allow a

possibility of some directed evolution able to carry humanity beyond the best that natural selection can achieve, and on the whole his informed assessment, here presented in fluent rhetorical translation, is hopeful rather than alarming.

— C. C. P.

The Greatest Raid of All. C. E. Lucas Phillips. Heinemann, 18/-

A combined operations action during which five V.C.s were won must rank among the most heroic incidents of the war. Of a total force of six hundred and eleven men who set out for Saint Nazaire on March 26, 1942, one hundred and sixty-nine were fatal casualties—more than half of these perished in the river battle and the withdrawal—and about two hundred were taken prisoner. Although the casualties were a high proportion of the force, it was not such a high price in terms of the results achieved. The essential gear of the largest dock in the world was so effectively destroyed that the German battleships were unable to use it for the rest of the war. The book is crammed with action as the author describes episodes relating to individuals and small units, showing how they fit into the plan as a whole. This daring adventure, totally unexpected by the enemy, fully deserves the title of the book.

A. V.

AT THE PLAY

Sganarelle and Tartuffe (OLD VIC)

IT is rather gallant of the Old Vic to try its hand at Molière, when the masters from the Comédie Française are about to show London how he should be done. Miles Malleson's free adaptations keep the spirit of *Sganarelle* and *Tartuffe* in racy English dialogue; they make a festive evening, with a little wind orchestra tooting Lully's original music, and a glittering Louis ready in the royal box to receive his shower of compliments at the end of *Tartuffe*.

Sganarelle is a very slight piece about a lovers' misunderstanding, but in the name part it gives Mr. Malleson an open licence for one of his fat bits of character acting, as a cowardly old husband who imagines himself cuckolded by an innocent stranger. He puffs and blows with indecision, looking more than ever like a frustrated pelican; the long monologue in which he beats himself up into a fury of revenge and then thinks better of it is delicious comedy. As producer he has been less successful, allowing the complications of the plot to amble where they must race if the other characters are to keep their heads above water.

Douglas Seal's production of *Tartuffe* also suffers from lack of pace, but his



'*Sganarelle and Tartuffe*

Sganarelle—MILES MALLISON

Tartuffe—DEREK FRANCIS

Elmire—PAULINE JAMESON

cast is nearer to achieving a common style. Pauline Jameson is an admirable Madame Orgon, poised and witty and well able to deal with the advances of Tartuffe; with her unbelieving husband stowed away under the table she plays the amorous monster with all the cunning of an expert fisherman, until finally she has him gaffed, slipping from his feverish embrace just in time to substitute her speechless husband. This is a good stroke, for Tartuffe's eyes are closed in an ecstasy of anticipation, and it is some seconds before he realizes his doom, as he strokes his host's brocade with growing incredulity. Tartuffe himself, Molière's archetype of the psychological

REP SELECTION

Belgrade, Coventry, *An Enemy of the People*, until February 21st.
 Civic, Chesterfield, *A Touch of the Sun*, until February 21st.
 Playhouse, Nottingham, *While the Sun Shines*, until February 28th.
 Castle, Farnham, *Strange Hands at Table*, until February 21st.

crook, is played very well by Derek Francis, covering the humbug's cleverness in a thick pall of solemnity, but Mr. Seale makes a serious mistake in allowing him to wink at the audience, for Tartuffe is a master-craftsman, with a pride in his art, and would no more unbend than a good butler.

The Orgon of Gerald James is a little colourless until awake to the true

Tartuffe, when his bewilderment makes him amusingly light-headed. Cleante, the scientist who tries reason on his brother-in-law's bewitchment, is coolly taken by Charles West, and there is a spirited Damis by Barrie Ingham. Rosalind Atkinson sparks off absurdity as Orgon's dragon of a mother, and as the privileged maid, who speaks her mind to everyone, Christine Finn gives a very attractive performance. A recruit from the Birmingham Rep, she has confidence and vitality and a quick sense of irony. I hope we shall see more of her.

This is one of the great comedies, built to endure. Michael Baldwin has dressed it beautifully, and Patrick Robertson's sets are simple and elegant.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Two for the Seesaw (Haymarket—24/12/58), history of a love affair in duologue. *West Side Story* (Her Majesty's—24/12/58), American gang-war musical. *The Grass is Greener* (St. Martin's—10/12/58), charming new comedy.

— ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

The Horse's Mouth—Gigi

FIRST, I do agree that *The Horse's Mouth* (Director: Ronald Neame) is very good and highly entertaining; not this time am I in a minority about a generally acclaimed film. It is full of the most pleasing things, pleasing from every point of view—writing, acting, direction, visual impression, colour, everything.



Gulley Jimson—ALEC GUINNESS

[*The Horse's Mouth*]

But—I insist on a but. The trouble is the one with nearly every film of a novel—over-concentration, the inevitable telescoping of effects because of limited time. I don't mean that I am judging it as a film of the novel, because as I have often said I don't agree that this angle of criticism is relevant, I think any film should be judged as it is, as a film, without reference to its origin. I mean that it appears from the film itself that it would be more effective with more time, more leisure to prepare for its climaxes, more build-up. It is brilliantly entertaining superficially, but the depth that might have been there is lacking.

The plain fact is that a novel, any novel, has time to play with. Even when one is read "at a sitting," which doesn't happen very often with any kind of novel except the shallowest thriller or whodunit, still two or three hours must pass in which effects are assimilated one by one and gradually: such reading establishes its own time-scheme, in which a particular climax of incident or character comes only after the mind has been thoroughly prepared for it. In a ninety-minute film including several such climaxes, the preparation for each has to be far too hurried: it may contain everything that is necessary, it may include literally everything the book included, but because it is grasped almost instantly it makes much less of an impression. An example from this film is the crash of the sculptor's block of granite through the floor. This is undeniably an extremely funny moment; but on paper it is funnier in depth, it means more, because one has had to take in slowly the description of the circumstances—the scene and its mood have been in one's mind for what felt like an immensely longer time.

But on the surface, as I say, the piece is brilliant, and the average audience, which is very content to be amused every few minutes without concerning itself about any connection between the laughs, will find nothing wrong with it at all. Alec Guinness gives a wonderfully rich and rasping performance as Gulley Jimson, the utterly absorbed, conscienceless old painter who has no consideration for anybody or anything but painting and will go to any outrageous length to get his way; and from the others in a big and generally excellent cast I would single out Kay Walsh, whose portrait of

PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

An exhibition of fifty years of *Punch* cinema cartoons and caricatures opens at the Swiss Cottage Odeon, London, on February 19, by arrangement with the Rank Organization.

The "Punch" in the Theatre" Exhibition can now be seen at the Guildford Theatre, the Theatre Royal, Windsor, and the Marlowe Theatre, Canterbury.

Coker, the glum, irascible, protective barmaid, is both funny and touching. Splendid colour photography (Arthur Ibbetson) and art direction (Bill Andrews), and paintings by John Bratty that seem convincing as the work of this Gulley Jimson, even if they are harsher in style than those of the man in the book.

About *Gigi* (Director: Vincente Minelli) I do seem to be in a minority—but I must add that this is because of my personal taste, not because of what I can call any real fault in the film. If you like this kind of thing, and most people do, here you will find it done admirably. My temperamental prejudice against it I rationalize by saying that I find it altogether too flossy and oo-la-la. Even when the Colette story was done comparatively straight, by the French eight or nine years ago, I was not particularly keen on it; this version, immensely more artificial in every way, dripping with conscious "charm," decorated and tricked out with songs and prettiness and quaintly amusing costumes and scenes and playfully told in a style involving a good deal of direct addressing of the audience, I find still less appealing.

All the same . . . Leslie Caron is delightful; the ageless Maurice Chevalier dominates the whole affair with superb twinkling aplomb; Cecil Beaton's costumes and scenes (Paris 1900) are full of comic elegance; and again the colour photography (Joseph Ruttenberg) is often lovely. The script and lyrics and the music are by the *My Fair Lady* team, Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe. And still it didn't arouse my enthusiasm . . . There's no pleasing some people.

* * * * *

Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London: a good adult British film, *Room at the Top* (4/2/59); a fine Western, *The Big Country* (21/1/59); an amusing French trifle, *Parisienne* (7/1/59); a funny Italian picture built round Giulietta Masina, *Fortunella* (11/2/59); and two diversely excellent Swedish ones by Ingmar Bergman, *Wild Strawberries* (5/11/58) and *Summer with Monika* (24/12/58). All these except *Parisienne* and *Fortunella* are in their last days.

Releases include *Anna Lucasta* (28/1/59), entertaining but flawed by a mixture of styles; *Party Girl* (11/2/59), quite entertaining but very shallow; and *Operation Amsterdam* ("Survey," 28/1/59), worthy but undistinguished.

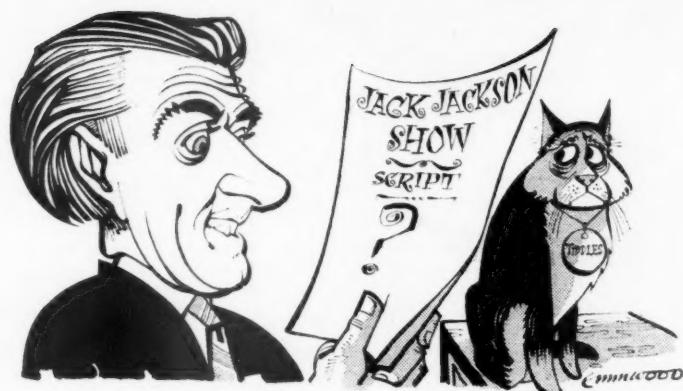
— RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

A Mystery Show

ALTHOUGH I regard "The Jack Jackson Show" (ATV) as an excellent reason for going to bed early every Wednesday, there are times when I clear my mind of trivia, banish

prejudice, choose a comfortable chair, and watch the programme from beginning to end, cold sober. This is partly because I believe one should not run away from all life's intolerable miseries, but face a few of them boldly; and partly because, although I am not an unusually inquisitive person, I have long ached to find out just what in the world this weekly farrago is supposed to be for. At the time of writing I remain as baffled as ever. If, for example, it is intended for the entertainment of civilized humans old enough to be up and about after eleven o'clock at night, the kindergarten level of Mr. Jackson's humorous chatter would seem to be out of place, not to say insulting. If, on the other hand, it is designed to embarrass top-ranking artists by persuading them to try to mime their popular songs while gramophone records are played, I must say it succeeds with unfailing regularity; but I cannot feel that an aim of this kind should be encouraged. (I see that trombone players too are subjected to the indignity: the other week Chris Barber was caught more than once beating time with his instrument when he should have been miming one of his own rousing *glissandi*.) But why is all this miming necessary? Properly performed, by an experienced practitioner, a piece of mime can be an amusing, even a memorable experience. But what we have here is a painful debasement of the art by unskilled performers. If for some unfathomable (or economic?) reason these artists are not permitted to sing on the programme, or play their instruments, I can see no excuse for having them in the studio at all. The show is a ludicrous nightmare. If anything, it proves that a disc-jockey belongs on the radio, where he can fulfil a useful and entertaining function. Mr. Jackson himself strikes me as a nervous performer who would appear more relaxed if he didn't cultivate relaxation quite so strenuously. Also, during the frenetic sequences, which I take to be humorous sketches (it's not easy to be sure), he tends to act with a



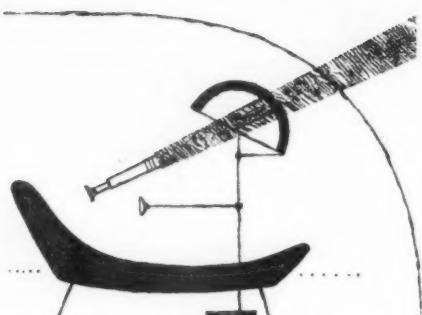
kind of preoccupied hysteria, as though he might have left a kettle boiling somewhere. His own miming, I'm afraid, is frankly deplorable.

I was interested to watch the progress of the British heats and final in the "Eurovision Song Contest of 1959" (BBC), because it seemed to be a worthwhile enterprise: I hoped that some sign might emerge that lyric-writing had taken a turn for the better. Popular-song lyrics have been declining in skill and charm and humour since the mid-'thirties, although the Tin Pan Alley composers have continued to turn out many adroit and agreeable tunes. Alas! there was no sign of improvement. The words were drab, or derivative, or both. The winning song—delightfully sung by Pearl Carr and Teddy Johnson—stood out plainly, for it had a touch of freshness which its competitors lacked. I wish it well, but I shall be surprised if it gets far in the later stages of the contest.

"The Exiles" (BBC) was described as "a cycle of four plays," and I expected to see four plays, each complete in itself, and all adding up to a significant picture of Australian history. Instead I saw a turgid sprawl of colonial Mrs. Dales and Archers. Nor can I believe that it looked any better on paper. There was not much opportunity for acting, but even so I found the greatest difficulty in telling one character from another. Barry Foster brought a young man to life with a sure touch, and I hope we see him again, to better advantage.

Two Sundays ago I watched a TV film called "A Wife for a Czar" (ATV), under the general title "Errol Flynn Theatre." I think I am right in saying that it was a work of the most exquisite and stupefying inanity. If we are to be treated to a series of similar vehicles for the debatable genius of Mr. Flynn, my hitherto unshakable optimism about the future of television will receive a blow from which it will be hard to recover.

— HENRY TURTON



Continuing a Novelette of the Future by

Back in England after seventy years' absence, the Eastcliffe and Wayne families pick up the threads

WORKING out later the time-pleasure-progress equation on his computer, Sir-Sir Brown-ing ascertained that, as of twenty-one hours forty-five, the evening with "our quartet from back of beyond"—these four young people who had lived all their lives immured in the Andes, like their families before them, ever since 1959—had rated satisfactorily: entertainment had reached as high as B-plus, while the machine returned an A-minus card for forward-moving achievement. The result was so pleasing that Sir-Sir, afraid of cheating himself, very honestly fed in his reactions again, and was doubly happy to find the computed answers unchanged.

The computer also confirmed his impression that Dame of Honour and Leading Contributor Caroline had played a positive role throughout. He frankly faced the fact that it would not take much to rekindle the flame of the passion he had once felt for her. For instance, if married women were rising in top-level acceptance value it could be that remarriage to the Dame, as he affectionately thought of her, would compensate, in terms of Service-worthiness, for the loss of his own single status.

Also her para-sensory perceptions were uncommonly highly trained. She had, as the saying went, "enormous Rhine."* She could not only tell, once she got on your beam, just what you and

**We're
Strangers
Here
Ourselves—4**

CLAUD COCKBURN

up to her lounge-boudoir, or "withdrawn room."

Ann gave an exclamation of delight in the pleasant architecture of the withdrawn room, under its gracefully domed roof, through which an exquisitely-fashioned radio telescope passed like an elegant invitation to discovery.

Jane was preoccupied, as she had been during the brief conversation in Sir-Sir's office, by the youthful beauty of their hostess.

She said "I do wish you'd tell us how old you are."

Dame Caroline smiled with pleasure. "That's nice," she said. "It means you think I must really be older than I look, which means I look so young you can hardly believe it."

"Well, you do and I hardly can," said Jane.

"Shall I tell you about my operations?" said Dame Caroline. "I've only had seven, facially, including skin-grafts, and I'm twenty-seven. It does show I've got good natural beauty-base, doesn't it? I don't like people who are *all* new, do you? All bits and pieces of other people, I mean. It always seems to me somehow unnatural. My body's very good, too. Just a melt and a snip here and a fill-in there. Remind me to show it to you when I'm wearing something that slips off easier. Shall we talk or have a space-gaze?"

"I'd like to look through this wonderful telescope," Ann said.

"There's not much to see," said Caroline. "I don't know why we always look through it when we have guests."

"I believe in the old days people used to be the same way about television," Ann said.



* The phrase was in common use, though few people knew anything of Dr. Rhine, of Duke University, in North Carolina, whose experiments with para-sensory perception were being slowly recognized as of first-rate importance in the late 1950s.



"Next week," said Caroline, "we could watch television if you like. I know there's something on then."

"You mean you don't sit glued to it?" said Ann.

"Glued?"

"It was one of the things, I believe, our great-grandpa thought was going to happen. Everyone was going to spend all the time watching television and forgetting how to do anything else."

"How odd," said Caroline. "I've never heard of anyone doing such a thing. I just look when there's a good drama, or a Moving Abstract or ballet. And of course when I'm thinking of buying anything I get a commercial to see what's new in this line or that."

"But I always thought the commercials were sort of subtly mixed up with the dramas and such."

"I think they used to be," said

Caroline doubtfully. "I can't think why. After all, people know if they want to group-adjust their buying properly they have to use the television to see what's what. Like that, if you want clothes, you watch in mid-morning. Face-change suggestions are just after breakfast. Body-work, too. I think," she said to Jane, "your face is very alluring the way it is. Very original. But you might think it fun to have your behind re-modelled. I've had this one of mine for two years, and I still like it."

While she talked she was adjusting the telescope, and now the lovely instrument carried the vision of the beholder arrowlike through the clouds and landed it on the edge of the moon.

"Personally," said Caroline, "I find one moon-station very like another. But the one you're looking at now is supposed to be rather special."

Ann lay on the sofa, gazing up through the telescope and accustoming her eyes to the strange contours of what she saw.

"It's called the Peace Together Station," Caroline explained. "It's a crucial space-and-earth control point, you see. So the agreement is for the zones to take turns running it. American Zone one day, Europe the next, East Asia the next, Russia the next, and so on. It's American day to-day, that's why you see it all lighted up with that kind of green nimbus. To-morrow it'll be white, for Europe, and next day it's blue, for East Asia. The lights are very important, of course, to show the agreement's being kept."

"And suppose some Zone broke it?" asked Ann.

"There'd be a war," said Caroline.

"Oh my God!" said Jane, and she and Ann shivered a little at the mere

thought that there existed even a possibility of running into the awful catastrophe that great-grandpa had been at such pains to escape. The momentary chill was dispersed by Sir-Sir Browning, who came bounding into the room, his face nicely radiant with enthusiasm.

"Those two lads," he said, "have immense contributory possibilities. I've left them downstairs to record a full statement—Co-ordination will issue it day after to-morrow, and then you two girls can follow it up with another."

"But what on earth about?" Jane asked.

"Past and present—comparison of, with appraisal and evaluation."

"But they know hardly anything about either."

"Basically irrelevant thinking, if you don't mind my saying so. If it comes to that, who does, for certain, know much about the past, or more than just a little about the present? In that sense reality is infinite and therefore unknowable. Therefore, the pattern of presented knowledge must be adapted to a defined objective."

"Such as?"

"Statements can be made about, for instance, late-twentieth-century attitudes which can stimulate current thinking in desirable directions. In line, that's to say, with top-level thought-aims. Also"—Sir-Sir's voice took on the tone which on his vocal practice days at the zoo sent tigers walking backwards to the

interior of their cages—"when these statements go out everyone will see what an incompetent old bag of hot air Earl Thompson is. Letting these people's important arrival go out merely on Subliminal 2! Within a fortnight we'll have the B.B.C. right inside General Co-ordination. And I haven't much doubt," he said, beaming at Dame Caroline, "that the whole thing will be regarded as a Service rendered."

"You mean," asked Dame Caroline, "they'll give you an earldom?"

"They can't do much less. Naturally, I don't care one way or another about the title *as such*—none of us" (he turned to Jane) "cares about that sort of thing nowadays. What matters is the title *as a demonstration of Service to Welfare*. And what a smack in the eye for that ape Thompson!"

"Wonderful!" cried Jane, clapping her pretty little hands, only slightly toil-worn by toil in the fields of Andes View, and glowing again all over. "And tell me—what's in it for us?"

Sir-Sir looked momentarily bewildered.

"I mean how much do we touch and when?"

"Ah!" said Sir-Sir, "you mean your contribution-equivalent? You'll find it adequate, I think. Of course you'll want to take most of it in facemens—facilities and amenities, that is. Housing, living-to-standard, travel, recreation and so on. Remember cash money's still

taxed, so of course people take as little of it as reasonably can."

"Then what's the point of taxing it?"

"It's a tradition," said Sir-Sir. "And it pleases the mass-contributors—at least it's supposed to. If they see someone with a lot of untaxed cash money they get a feeling of inequality. And after all, they are the big majority of the population, the masses."

"But don't the masses, I mean the mass-contributors, get plenty of facemens?"

"Looked at as a whole, globally," said Sir-Sir, "yes indeed. In fact they get facemens in accordance with their contributions to Welfare, which—again speaking globally—are huge. But of course, since there are so many of them, contributing away in the factories and offices and so on, each single individual doesn't get so many as people in—well, in other spheres of contribution. One must look at the thing as a whole—globally."

"Excuse me," Ann said, "I've been looking at the Peace Together moon-station, and it looks sort of funny. Different, I mean. I expect it's just my eyes aren't used to the telescope."

"Take a look, Dame," said Sir-Sir.

Dame Caroline stretched herself on the sofa, and gazed.

"Well I'm damned," she said after a moment, "it's turned bright blue."

(Next week : War!)



DOUGLAS.



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